"IT'S SO SIMPLE!"—See page ii. of cover.


# JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 503. SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1916. ONE PENNY

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper


A 119018

For meaning of this number see page xii.

*Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,*
*If Britain to itself do rest but true.*

**Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.**

**"Ich Dien" Must Go!**

**The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.**

# "JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

*(SEE IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 12.)*

**We are giving, *absolutely free of any charge whatever, an insurance* which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident Policy issued by Insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.**

**We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE. Readers to whom this course is inconvenient may, however, obtain all the advantages of the scheme by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out—which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.**

**Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.***

## WHAT WE WILL PAY.

**In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of £200**

**Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ... £100**

**Should his, or her, house become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding ... ... ... ... ... ... £350**

**Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to ... ... ... ... £25**

**Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to £10**

**Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.**

**We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.**

## TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

**You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.**

***TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.***

**To ..... *Newsagent.***

**.....**

**Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.**

***Signed*** **.....**

**.....**

***NOTE.*—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.**

**If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.**

**Jan. 22, 1916.**

## REGISTRATION FORM

**Which must be posted to—**
**The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.**

**This is to notify that I have this day**

**(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....**
**..... Newsagent,**
**of.....**
**..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.**

**—OR—**

**(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.**

***(Strike out one of these.)***

**And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—**

***Name of Nominee*** **.....**

***Address*** **.....**

**Signature of Insured.....**
**(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)**
**Address.....**
**Jan. 22, 1916.**

**A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.**


# BREECHES

**For the Soldier or Civilian at about half the prices usually charged. Cut and made to your measures by experts.**

**10/6** IN STRONG RIDINGTWEEDS SUPERIOR 12/6, 13/11, 15/11, 18/6

SEND FOR PATTERNS and Self-measuring instructions. Please say whether for Military or Civilian use.

MILITARY KHAKI CORDS BETTER QUALITIES, 20/11, 24/11, 30/- **12/6**

**BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES CO.** (Dept. B.J.), 39, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

**INSIST ON**

# SPRATT'S

**FOR YOUR DOG.**


**IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 25.**

# *British People*

are too apt to think that the brewing of Lager Beer is a German business. It is now a British business and the best Lagers are made in Britain.

# *Allsopp's*

is the best.



# Riley Billiards in Thousands of Homes

## for a small first payment of 8/6.

**GREAT FREE TRIAL OFFER to prove the enjoyment it gives.**

THINK of it! Just a Postal Order NOW, and years of continuous enjoyment are given your household. Healthy, happy amusement that adds an enjoyment to home life. Recreation for young or old—and Billiards is a game that's easy to learn on a Riley Miniature Table, which is so perfectly proportioned and so well made that any expert player delights in making the most difficult strokes on it.

**8/6**

**DOWN**

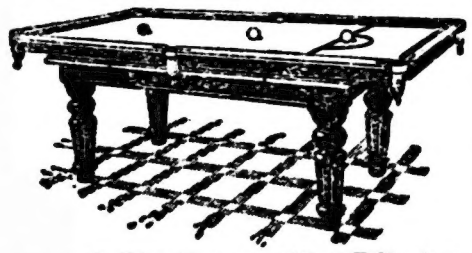
brings to your home immediately

**Riley's Miniature Billiard Table.**

8s. 6d. down—and then, whilst you are getting the enjoyment from the Table, you pay the balance in 12 monthly payments of 8s. 6d.

Cash price 5 Guineas—a delightfully convenient size to fit OVER an ordinary table, and to fit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

One of these delightful Riley Miniature Tables is despatched to your door, carriage paid, within seven days from receipt of your P.O. for 8s. 6d. If you're not completely satisfied after seven whole days' trial, pack up the Table, advise Rileys, and they will have it removed.



*This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on ordinary table.*

IN addition to the Miniature Tables, Riley's have another style—which may be paid for by monthly payments over a period of 13 or 18 months—the

**RILEY "COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE**

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This also can be secured on easy payments spread over a period of 13 or 18 months. Cash prices are from £13 10s to £38.

**FREE.** On receipt of a postcard, full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and full or small sized Tables or Sundries.

**E. J. RILEY, LTD., Premier Works, Accrington,**

**London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.**

# A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.

**SPECIAL WAR TIME OFFER TO THE READERS OF "JOHN BULL."**

In this time of supreme national trial, every man and woman must be prepared to undertake greater responsibilities.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these interesting and valuable books post free and without obligation on your part if you will cut out and forward the coupon below at once.

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,**

**46, KINGSWAY, W.C.**

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

| | |
|---|---|
| —Munition Work | —Coal & Metal Mining |
| —Business Training | —Mechanical Engineering |
| —Book-Keeping | —Draughtsmanship |
| —Salesmanship | —Electrical Engineering |
| —Shopkeeping | —Architecture & Building |
| —Advertising | —Civil Service Positions |
| —Boiler Engineering | —Marine Engineering |
| —Gas Power Engineering | —Steam Engineering |
| —Motor Engineering | —Woodworking |
| —Industrial Chemistry | —Textile Manufacturing |
| —Careers for Men | —Electric Lighting and Traction |

Special.—Openings for Women who are willing to help NOW.

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List write it here.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

FOR COUGHS. Owbridge's Lung Tonic FOR COLDS.

**The British Remedy.**

# Owbridge's

## Lung Tonic

The best known Remedy for

## COUGHS & COLDS

Invaluable to SPEAKERS, SINGERS and all who suffer from THROAT WEAKNESS.

**CAUTION:—**

**Ask for "Owbridge" and take no substitute.**

*Prepared by*

W. T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd.,

Manufacturers, The Laboratory, HULL.

*Established* 1874.

# JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:*
*Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XIX. No. 503. Week ending Saturday, January 22nd, 1916. One Penny.

## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

**The "Crisis."**

So there is not to be one, after all—the Prime Minister having acted upon our suggestion as to his method of dealing with the Military Service Bill. But the smouldering revolt of the Welsh miners must be suppressed with a strong hand, all the same.

**Scotland Re-visited.**

We have just returned from another Scotch tour—taking Aberdeen, for the first time, in our itinerary. What a glorious city it is—and *what* a meeting! The Lord Provost, who presided, assured us that nothing like it had been seen in the city for years.

**Unconscious Humour.**

Mr. Asquith, answering a question in the House of Commons the other evening, stated that single and eligible M.P.s would not be exempt, under the Conscription Bill,. So the work of Parliament is neither "necessary" nor of "national importance"!

**Mile End.**

The advent of a non-political, Business candidate into the Mile End contest (which, by way of contrast with certain other recent by-elections, is not being indecently rushed) who makes the energetic conduct of the war, and the defence of London his main platform, appeals strongly to our sympathy—despite our desire for "national unity." The electors of this typical East End constituency have a fine opportunity of distinguishing themselves by administering to the Government a much-needed tonic.

**January 27th.**

The day of the great Queen's Hall demonstration, in aid of the Radio-graph Field Cars, draws near. It will be a big function—and will include an exhibition by Messrs. Harry Cox and Co.—the eminent X-Ray instrument makers—of the actual working of the rays. There will also be a fine musical programme. All details next week.

**Party Spirit.**

What a lot of killing it takes! It appears we are to have *two* "National" Parties, one consisting of a group of "Liberals" and the other of "Unionists." However, it won't last for long. The B.G. is coming.

**Not Blasphemous.**

Mr. C. A. Watts, the indefatigable Secretary of the Rationalist Press Association, takes exception to our description of one of Mr. J. M. Robertson's books as "blasphemous." We admit that the word is antiquated and almost obsolete, and that, regarded in its colloquial sense, it was perhaps scarcely justified.

**A Good Text.**

We are sorry we could not attend the sermon by Canon Carlile on "Bottomley and 1916." We hope it was as good as the text.

**The *Natal*.**

A children's party on H.M.S. *Natal* added to the pathos and tragedy of the explosion. Perhaps some day we may tell the full story of that tragedy.

**One of the "Incurables."**

That good sportsman and one time friend of the Chief of the Huns, Lord Lonsdale, is convinced that the war "will be over by August." The converts are coming fast.

**Fie, Sir John!**

That was a mean suggestion of Sir J. Simon that the married men should be asked to absolve Mr. Asquith from his pledge. Only a lawyer-politician could have thought of it.

**Dr. Addison, Please Note!**

To signalise the absence of crime in Northampton the Recorder recently presented £10 to the Red Cross Fund. And yet the Board of Control has not so far interfered with the liberties of the citizens!

**Unfair Promotions.**

Many a gallant young officer who is fighting is waiting for promotion, while the stay-at-home soldier gets it This is not fair. We know of a case where a second lieutenant has become a lieutenant-colonel since war began, and has never yet seen a shot fired in anger.

**Who Said "Economy"?**

It really is time to protest against M.P.s taking big salaries in the Army and still receiving their £400 a year. Five of them are drawing £1,000 or more from Army funds and nearly fifty are taking more than £500 per annum as officers' pay, in addition to their £8 a week.

**A *Baralong* Testimonial.**

Some of our readers have suggested that a testimonial should be presented to the Captain of the *Baralong*, in recognition of his prompt and effective method of dealing with the German submarine crew. We wonder whether the Admiralty would raise any objection to such a project.

**"Eligible" Students.**

An Aberdeen reader complains that there is a large number of "eligible" male students still attending the University classes. He further states that shortly after the war commenced there was a rush to the "havens of refuge"—engineering shops—in the hope of escaping enlistment. We find it difficult to believe anything bad about glorious Aberdeen.

**Be provident and fear not.** **See page ii of cover.**

**Grateful and Comforting.**

From the Rector of Cottingham—the Rev. Dr. Rubie:—"I wonder whether it will interest you to know that your excellent Christmas sermon—the greater part—was read from one pulpit, at all events (viz., here), with a grateful acknowledgment of its origin. Will you pardon me if I suggest what a great pity it is that you do not realise that many, at all events, of us 'parsons' are with you heart and soul in the great work you are doing to uplift the life of the nation?"

**Doctoring the Press.**

In the recent discussion on the suppression of the journal which published Mr. Lloyd George's Glasgow speech, the Under-Secretary for War said he knew nothing of any instructions having been issued to the press, requesting them to publish only such official versions of the speeches of the Minister of Munitions as might be handed out to the reporters. We beg the hon. Member, Mr. Tennant, to notice D. 334, which he will find on the file of the War Office, Admiralty and Press Committee.

**A Ghastly Joke?**

We hope we shall not be haled before the modern Star Chamber for disclosing the fact that the same Committee have just issued a warning to the newspapers forbidding a reproduction of photographs of H.M. ships, on the ground that they might assist enemy agents, and "should never be published unless passed by the Press Bureau." The notice continues: "The publication of photographs of H.M.S. *Natal* and *King Edward VII.* are cases in point as being forbidden." When this circular was issued, both the vessels specifically named were, unfortunately, beneath the waves!

**The Four Johns.**

That quaint person, Byles the Bilious M.P., has been chortling about the raising of his spirits. It is not that his whisky has gone up, but because Four Johns, "whom he reveres," have "come out as voluntary champions" against conscription. The four Johns, revered by brother Byles, are John Simon, John Dillon, John Clifford—and John Hobson, a weird collection. John Simon has queered his own political pitch and "done for himself," and John Dillon is master of his subject—when it is Irish. John Clifford is not a name to conjure with, but he used to be interesting sometimes on Sundays, when his "sermon" was all about Kant and other German philosophers. As for the fourth John—well, Hobson's choice! And we would gracefully, if bashfully, hint that Sir William Byles has left one other JOHN out of his calculations.

**The Breed's the Thing.**

Intentionally or unintentionally, the *Daily News* manages to be screamingly funny at times. In a recent paragraph it declared that Mr. W. W. Astor, lately made a Baron of the United Kingdom, "is exactly as much and as little of a British citizen as Sir Edward Speyer and Sir Ernest Cassel," for the reason that some years ago he renounced his American citizenship and became a naturalised British subject. The *Daily News* apparently takes no account of blood. So far as we are aware, there is no German "streak" in the Astor's bloodstream. Harking back, it will probably be found that this famous American family came originally of British stock. This being so, the naturalisation of W. W. Astor was something in the nature of the return of a prodigal son to the home of his fathers. To say that he is no more a British citizen than Speyer and Cassel is to interpret the law in the mere letter, and not in the spirit that maketh alive.

**An Odious Comparison.**

One Lowestoft firm stopped time-and-a-quarter of their men's pay what they lost in doing their patriotic duty in going to be attested under the Derby scheme. Another firm in the district took their men to the recruiting office in a motor-car, and made no deduction whatever from their wages for time lost. No wonder there is labour unrest!

**The Sin of Sins.**

Next to manslaughter, buying spirits for a soldier seems to be the worst crime in the calendar. One man, at Folkestone, for obligingly purchasing a bottle of whisky when asked by a Canadian soldier, got four months' hard labour; a second man was fortunate to escape with a shorter and sweeter sentence, three months only being his allotted portion. A third individual said he was an out-porter; he had a drink or two with a soldier, and was asked to buy that tempting, tragical bottle. He fell. The crime was committed, and the criminal collared. It was the only wrong thing he had ever done in all his long and useful life, and he has two sons now fighting at the Front. The Bench admitted his good character, bore in mind those sons serving the State, and decided to be merciful. So they let him off—with two months' hard. It will inspire his two boys to even greater efforts for the land they love.

**The Voice of South Wales?**

Mr. James Winstone is the President of the South Wales Miners' Federation. He is also the gentleman who did not get in for Merthyr. For that relief, his countrymen should return thanks, judging from a specimen of his oratory at Pontypool. These were his words:—"I am more than pleased to be able to say, and I am speaking with a full knowledge of the fact, that the South Wales miners' executive last Thursday passed a resolution unanimously protesting against Conscription. (Applause.) I know what I am saying; unless the politicians of this country are careful they will stop the South Wales coalfield, and there will be no coal for the British Navy—(hear, hear)—and they will have to bear the brunt of it." Mr. Winstone's words, and the threat they contain, should be entered on the tablets of our memory. "No coal for the British Navy!" And "a well-attended social gathering" echoed "Hear, hear!" to his sentiments. Is this the voice of South Wales?

**Queen's Talk.**

The Queen of Greece has been saying things to an American lady journalist—or, at least, the lady journalist says the Queen has said things. Of course her Grecian Majesty spoke of her "poor brother," the Kaiser, "who has been compelled to meet this terrible thing. Can anybody tell me," asked that Rosa-Dartle-like Queen, "why the English should have started it?" She only wanted to know, you know. But she has no doubts in her Royal mind about German *Kultur*, which is "the most perfect thing conceivable, and the world will have to accept it sooner or later, whether it wants or not. It is the product of master minds working for the good of the whole; it is a thing established not to be destroyed." And this passage is positively illuminating:—"Germany is the world's example. Germany's methods in the prosecution of this war are such as were never before heard of." If she said those words, they were the truest that ever fell from her queenly lips. And she might have added that such methods will never be heard of again. The world, out of its horror and loathing, will see to that.

**A treasure, the "John Bull" Pen—a pleasure writing with it.**

**100 Days' Pay.**

How long will it take a private soldier, whose pay, after deductions, is about 1s. a day, to pay a fine of five pounds? Dunderheads on the Bench at Richmond have given one man three weeks to find the money; had they told him how to, we might have had more faith in their wisdom. There were two soldiers concerned at the Court, each summoned for riding a motor-cycle without a light, etc., and five pounds was the feabite of a fine in each instance. A little decent feeling shared among the wiseacres on the Bench should have taught them that 10s. would be quite enough to screw out of a soldier whose "crime" was not so very terrible. In fact, the police might, for once, have winked the other eye.

**Well Meaning, But—**

With every desire to be charitable to the good intentions of the Rev. S. Bache Harris, Vicar of St. James', Kennington Park Road, S.E., the leaflet he himself personally delivered at the houses of many of his parishioners the other day was undoubtedly offensive:—"My friends and parishioners,—Sunday next is fixed for prayer in every Church for our soldiers and sailors who are fighting abroad for our homes and all we hold dear. . . . If you care for them, you will come and pray for them. If you do not come, it will prove you do not care how much they suffer, or what becomes of them." As one of the complainants puts it to us, "I have two sons fighting at the Front, and for him to tell me that because I don't go to Church I don't care for them or their welfare—why, the man must be mad." Not mad, but foolish.

**Germhuns.**

That was a curious case at Llanrwst, when a German woman named Leiser, whose husband is interned, was charged with absconding from the workhouse, where this country has been tenderly keeping and feeding her and her five children. When the woman was arrested, she was dressed in a soldier's full khaki uniform, and was putting a lady friend through a complicated drill. She got seven days, but there are several items remaining to be cleared up—namely, the mystery of that khaki suit, the companionship of that lady friend, and some particulars about that complicated drill. Also, it seems a pity she and her young ones cannot be deported. Another curious case hails from Willesden, where a lodging-house keeper, fined 40s. for not keeping a register of aliens, explained, "I have only one German, and he is in the service of the Government making munitions." Nothing surprises us nowadays, but that German in Government service very nearly does!

**A Manly Protest.**

Most sensible is a protest made by a reader, duly attested, against big-type announcements in newspapers of the "Calling up of New Groups," especially when the announcement is "absolutely premature." According to the information on the white attestation card, "14 days' notice will be given," and until that notice is given by the War Office, the recruit is no more called up than the man who is entirely exempt. "Four More Groups Warned" is one paper's heading, as though it announced the coming of some dreadful calamity. It is by no means the right tone to adopt. We are also in entire accord with our friend when he objects to the habit of "a certain class of ineligibles," who, having read these newspaper maunderings, take a delight in reminding recruits that "their turn is coming—more Groups called up!" This, to a recruit who is prepared to do his duty, is an unwelcome form of "wit."

**Copy the French.**

There is something attractive about the new French income-tax law. The rebate for married men is good—moreover, account is taken where single men support aged parents. When, if ever, we come to put our income tax on a fair basis, let the Chancellor of the Exchequer "copy the French."

**Thanks to the Chief.**

For once in a way, we are able to point to a most admirable decision in a lighting case. It happened at York City Police Court, Mrs. Thompson being summoned for not effectively shading a bright gas-jet in her shop window. If it were not a "light" case we should say it looked black against her, for she was obliged to admit the offence, which, she said, happened through forgetfulness. And then poor Mrs. Thompson hoped the Bench would be lenient, because her husband is a prisoner of war. Up spake Mr. J. Burrow, Chief Constable: "In that case, your Worships, I cannot ask for a penalty to be imposed." Nor was any penalty imposed, for the case was dismissed by the Lord Mayor as Chairman of the Bench. It was a result highly creditable to the Lord Mayor, and to that most worthy Chief Constable.

**Great Expectations.**

Walter Clark, of 2, Aylesbury Street, London, E.C., must have a queer notion as to what constitutes a disabled soldier or sailor. In a recent issue of a London newspaper he inserted the following advertisement: "WANTED at once, disabled soldier or sailor as carman (pair horse); must be able to load and drive pantechnicons." For a job like this a man needs steady nerves, strong wrists, sound legs and feet, and a stout back. He must be neither blind nor hard of hearing. A man blessed with the mental and physical attributes requisite to fill Mr. Clark's job would stand a very poor chance of being discharged from the Army or Navy as "disabled." The advertisement leaves us wondering what sort of tasks Mr. Clark would set a really sound man to do.

**Theology and the War.**

'Pon our word, the longer this war lasts the more we get mixed in our theology; and that is telling the truth even if we shame the Kaiser. We gather now from Germhun Lutherism that the Germhuns are not only a holy people but the chosen people. They are beloved of the Lord. They chasten only to bless. They are cruel only to be kind. The Rev. Fritz Phillipi, of Berlin, tells his congregation that Germhuns do not willingly shed the blood of other nations. "They do it as a sacred duty; Germany's divine mission is to crucify humanity." Dr. Lobel, of Leipsic, is not less conscious of the Lord's blessing. He says Germany stands for Christianity; and it is this knowledge which gladdens the German heart when the fierce engines of war strike down the sons of Satan, and when the submarines sends thousands of the unelect to the bottom of the sea. "We must fight the wicked by all possible means; their sufferings must please us; their cries of anguish must fall on deaf German ears." Last, but not least with a holy and righteous preachment is Professor Rheinhold Seeberg, Berlin's University theologian. A few days ago, he mounted the cathedral pulpit to proclaim that Germhuns did not hate their enemies. "No," quoth he, "we obey the divine command to love them. When we kill them, when we inflict suffering on them, when we burn their homes and overrun their territories, we are performing a labour of love." It will thus be seen that if in these days a man wants to be real good he must be a Germhun, Turk, Austrian or Bulgarian.

**Mothers of beautiful children look for new competition in "Everywoman's Weekly."**

**Docked Doctors.**

Those doctors who have been flattering themselves that they have earned as much as £100 in a week examining Derby recruits will be surprised to know that, while the War Office allowance is 2s. 6d. per man, no doctor is permitted to earn more than two guineas a day in this way.

**Hun-sportsmanlike.**

A newspaper item the other day stated that "A sportsman at Heage, near Matlock, Derbyshire, has shot a magnificent silver-hooded owl with a wing spread of just under three feet." We would like to know that "sportsman's" name. Judging by his action, it should end in "stein" or "dt." At any rate, only a Hun at heart would wantonly destroy so beautiful and harmless a creature, and call it sport. Let us remind him that that majestic bird, with its splendid three-foot spread of wing, was not created to glut his lust for slaughter. Only a naturalist, and he only in exceptional circumstances, would have been justified in blasting the life out of so gorgeous a specimen of a none-too-frequent bird. Such "sportsmen" bring discredit upon an honourable term, and fill us with disgust.

**"Absolutely Shocked!"**

What think you of this for a ghastly story? "Sir," writes "Absolutely Shocked," a Dunfermline reader, "While travelling from Cowdenbeath to Dunfermline by tramcar, a young woman was sobbing her heart out in the corner of the carriage. . . . Her 'boy' had been a prisoner of war in Germhuny, and he had written her before Christmas asking her what she would like for a present. She said she had replied in a joke, 'Never mind anything this year, unless it is the Kaiser's eyes.' That morning—day after Christmas Day—she said she had received a parcel from Germhuny enclosing two eyes. They were her own dear boy's eyes, and a note saying that forty bullets had been put into him. That's all. I have not the young woman's name. She had very fair hair, and belonged to Gowkha, near Dunfermline." We do not question that our correspondent is an accurate narrator of the facts, and we can believe anything of Germhuny, but we shall have to receive more evidence before we believe this. Hysterical girls are apt to imagine and invent strange things.

**We Fear No Foe!**

Never did we expect to be able to publish a testimonial to Captain Rand, the "lucky-stone" impostor and liar, whose incessant and painstaking methods of persuading dunderheads to part with ducats we have so frequently exposed. However, wonders never cease; so here followeth the testimonial:—"Dear Sir," writes one of his customers, "Captain Rand which you are always running down, is abel to go one better than you are because his prophesy do come true, because I bought a lucky stone from him and I was very lucky because I saw a lady drop a purse with 5s. two days after I bought it because the stone brought me luck. I doant suppose you have got the pluck to print this letter because it shows you up, doant it, a?" The only comment we have to make about this epistle is that if our lucky friend travels around watching ladies drop purses and then puts them in his pocket, presently the only difference between Captain Rand and himself on his own showing will probably be that while we are "running the Captain down," the police will be running our lucky friend in. Besides, one thing leads to another, and if he accepts our disinterested advice he will get rid of the lucky stone at once, lest it induces him to pick-up ladies' purses before they drop.

**Oh, That Printer!**

If the Rev. A. L. Bickerstaff, Vicar of St. Mary's, Bilston, edits his own parish magazine, we fear he will hear nothing to his advantage from either the parents of those he has baptised or the parties whom he has married during December last; at any rate, in his January issue, he has included as "Baptisms" those he has married, and as "Marriages" those he has baptised. If next month he includes as "Births" those he has buried and as "Deaths" those who have just been born, he will about fill the measure of his earthly iniquities.

**"Spoiling the Harmony."**

We are asked to state some particulars on behalf of the orchestra of the Reading Palace Theatre, who have declined to play at any more soldiers' concerts unless paid to do so. It is said that the management of the theatre complained that all bandsmen had not been present at the concerts, and threatened to replace the absent ones. The men considered this a form of compulsion, because the absence of some men was caused by their accepting outside employment for the sake of the necessary extra money. We should certainly object to any musicians being forced to play against their wish, but our point was that the men should have been delighted to play. Any unreasonable demand on the part of the management might surely have been arranged satisfactorily. As it is, the men are obeying the compulsion of the Musicians' Union by standing out altogether.

**The Club Steward.**

The poor help the poor, but some working men are not disposed to be over kind to others. We cite particulars of the salary offered to a Steward by the East Birmingham Labour Club and Institute. The Steward is to be responsible for the stock and sales of all intoxicants, tobacco, etc., must keep the premises clean, and be on duty for thirty-five hours a week. Twenty-one hours will be occupied by cleaning. The salary is ten shillings a week, with living accommodation, coal, and light. Valuing this at 19s. all told, an applicant for the berth calculates his pay would come to little more than 4d. an hour—small enough in all conscience, and quite inadequate for a man occupying the very responsible position of Club Steward. The East Birmingham Labour Club should realise that a good man is worth decent pay, even when he works for working men.

**Thoughtful.**

One of our readers and well-wishers, Mr. Arthur Chown, to wit, beseeches us for nine separate, tabulated, and distinct reasons "to refrain from the use, occasional or continuous, of the word 'damn.'" Which is all very well, and very kind, and we will respect his sentiments as far as circumstances will allow; but what are we to say when a thing is really damnable and ought to be damned? There's the rub, as Shakespeare has it. In reason No. 2, our mentor says "'damn' is not good English." It is as good English as any word derived from good Latin. We could discourse on "damn" with almost a religious sense of propriety. We could explain even to a prayer meeting, or a Y.M.C.A., or a Love Feast, or a Dorcas Circle, or a Sewing Guild, that "damn" is merely short for condemn (Lat. *Damno, damnum*), and that people and things are damned in the Bible, the Prayer Book, and a round hundred respectable British authorities—from Chaucer to Macaulay. Which reminds us of the old story of a clerical gentleman who, every time he messed his move at chess, used to mutter "Assouan!"

**A simple idea wins £250.** **See our "Bullets" award.**

**W. O. and East Coast.**

With so much distress on the East Coast it is unpardonable that rents of houses taken over by the War Office have been owing, in many cases, since June. We are spending £6,000,000 a day; surely the East Coast debts can be paid without stopping the war!

**The Navy League.**

Felicitations to the Navy League on the attainment of its majority! Started twenty-one years ago, it began, like many other big things, in a small way, for it all arose from a letter in the press by Professor Spenser Wilkinson. Its aim has been to impress on the people of the Empire the vital importance of Sea Power, and, surviving ridicule and malice, it has achieved triumphant success. It has 150,000 members and many activities. The Empire is awake now to what the British Navy stands for, and much that it has learned has been taught by the Navy League.

**Over the Tea-cups.**

A man from the Potteries, who knows enough about pottery to recognise German ware when he sees it, makes the definite statement that he "saw this morning four cases of tea-sets being unpacked, 'coming from Holland.' They contained 250 sets in all. They are absolute facsimiles of the sets that 'came from Germany' before the war. We are at war with a nation of barbarians, and their goods are coming here, through a *neutral* country, to undersell our own goods." This is straight, definite evidence of a nefarious practice, and is not a solitary instance. As this particular matter so nearly concerns his beloved Staffordshire, it is one that Mr. Arnold Bennett might take up.

**Soldier-Journalists.**

One of the cheeriest of those amazingly cheery products of the war—newspapers written for soldiers by soldiers—is *The Listening Post*, issued by members of the 7th Canadian Infantry Battalion. It is edited by a captain, assisted by a corporal, and is published within a few miles of the firing line, actually within reach of the Hun artillery. The Christmas number is crammed full of fun for a penny. Many of the jokes will be understood best by the men themselves, but here is one that will appeal to all of us, ladies included:—"Dear Mag, I puts in five francs so as you can get that new hat. Your loving husband, Jack. P.S.—They tells me there's a Censor bloke what reads this letter, so I sends no five francs."

**Terrible Typing.**

Any poor typist looking for work need not dream of answering this advert.:—"TYPISTS, own machines, used copying MSS., send specimen.—V. T., 151, Nevill Road, Clissold Park, N." That address is the headquarters of the London Typewriting Bureau and the Carlton Literary Agency, who seemingly combine to produce their invitation to typists. What they offer an applicant is typing at the rate of 3d. per 1,000 words. It is a wicked wage, especially when the applicant is also told he must supply his own machine, his own paper, and pay his own postage. The usual charge for typing from MSS. is 1s. per thousand words; 10d. is the cut rate, and perhaps it is the lowest consonant with decency and fair work. We wonder what the authors, distinguished or otherwise, represented by the Carlton Literary Agency, think of their agents. One of them might feel moved to follow Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt," with a "Song of the Keys," for 3d. per thousand words points to slavery and to tragedy.

**A Broken Inventor.**

We are sorry to hear that the original inventor of Kinematography, Mr. Friese-Greene, is to-day living in absolute want. Will some of the many people who are to-day benefiting so largely in connection with the moving picture industry give a kindly thought to this poor old fellow, and get in touch with Mr. Will Day, 19, Lisle Street, Wardour Street, W.C., who is interesting himself in the case? To let our great inventors spend the evening of their lives in misery is almost as bad as neglecting our old warriors.

**This Way for the "Stars."**

Clause 2, par. 2, of the single men Compulsion Bill sets out that "Certificates of exemption from the provisions of this Act may also be granted by any Government Department after consultation with the Army Council to men or classes or bodies of men in the service or employment of that Department, or to men or classes or bodies of men employed in any work which is certified by that Department to be work of national importance and which comes within the sphere of the Department." This ought to have been specially distinguished in the Bill under the title "Nepotism clause." Its aim is to retain in their places, and to take power to employ and retain in their places, all the fit young men who have been careful in the selection of their parents.

**The Dear Girls.**

Everybody finds a pretty girl a welcome sight, and some of them look quite fascinating in the pictures where they are shown carrying on the work left undone by a good man gone to the war. But we do not like to regard the dear things as interlopers, playing "blackleg" by turning a man out of his situation. In Plymouth Dockyard men writers are being removed to make room for girls; these men, over Army age, are offered jobs as labourers in the yard, or dismissal. In Bolton, 20 women have been engaged to take the places of 40 men, the town being treated to a restricted postal service. Twenty-one attested single men and eight attested married men are among those dismissed, despite the understanding that they would not have to vacate their posts until actually called up. The Plymouth case and the Bolton case are significant signs of the times, both as regards injustice to the men and the danger of female labour improperly introduced.

**Post Office Ignorance.**

A rich story of Post Office stupidity, backed up by official documents, commences at Bournemouth. A visitor there wished to tell the folk at home of his safe arrival, so he wrote a telegram, carefully and plainly addressed to his house at Chipstead, Surrey. That was on Saturday. On Monday he was notified that his telegram had not been delivered, for the reason that "Chephead, Surrey," was "unknown." Polite remonstrance followed, and the lady clerk, acknowledging the error, promised to send another wire. The result was one more official notification that they were still unable to deliver the message, "for the reasons indicated below. Unknown." Perhaps this means that their reason is unknown; we cannot fathom it. We wager a sixpenny stamp to a gummed-label that Chipstead appears in the P.O. Guide, though Chephead does not. Our correspondent has lived in Chipstead for two years, and has sent numerous wires there successfully, but the Bournemouth P.O. people have apparently lost their way in the Surrey lanes.

**First read our Zeppelin article, then turn to page ii of cover.**

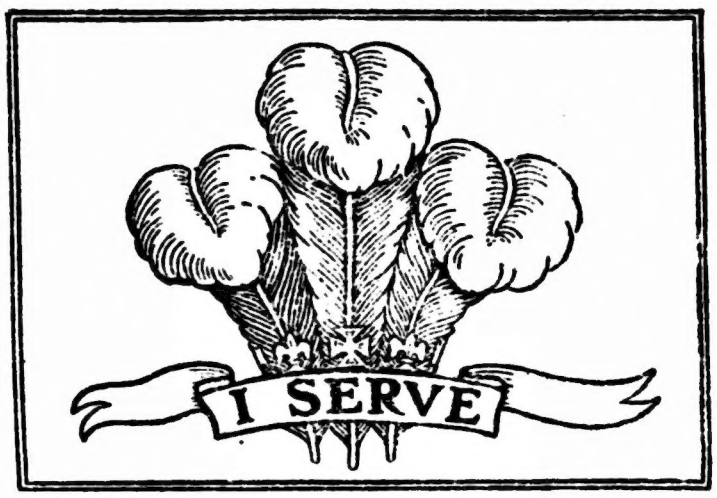
# OUR PRINCE MUST DROP IT.

## "ICH DIEN" MUST GO—AN EMPIRE'S PATRIOTISM DEMANDS IT!

BY THE EDITOR.

For us and our Dominions this is a war of sentiment, a war for ideals. We are fighting all that is worst in the world—"the product of a debased civilisation"; we are fighting the Germhun. As every day passes, and the boom of the great guns reverberates through Europe and Asia, the British people, and the brave Allies of the British people, renew their strength and seal again their vows not to sheathe the sword until the Germhun and all he stands for, in his insolent pride, is ground in the mud of battle. Let us not be misunderstood by the enemy. This is just as much a war of hate with us as with him. We do not proclaim our hate as a morning greeting in the family circle; it is too deep and fixed for words; it is hate in deed, the hate of a nation's deep determination—of an Empire's iron resolve. From one end to the other of the King's Dominions, wherever the Union Jack flies and the language of liberty is spoken, is the Germhun, and everything that would remind us of the impious brood hatched under the Prussian eagle, detested and abhorred. We are calling upon the pride of the race, the flower of our manhood to take up arms in the name of Civilisation, for the sake of all that is best and purest in humanity; for home, for kingdom, and for Empire. To that call, made in the name of the King and in the sacred cause of patriotism, none but the coward renegade dares turn a deaf ear. But when we ask our people to fight and suffer—to sacrifice, if need be, dear life itself—to crush the Germhun and to stifle in the dust of war the Prussian spirit, we have to see to it that we at home leave nothing undone which can strengthen and make more brilliant the undying fires of patriotism. Nothing that perpetuates or reminds us of the hated and baleful enemy must be allowed to remain. From the hallowed walls of the chapel of the Garter Knights we have torn down the degraded banners of the kings and princes unworthy of that noble Order—unfitted to find even the sanctity of memory within the place of Sanctuary. It was only an act of justice to humanity that those besmirched and blood-smeared banners should no longer sully the knightly walls; and if we are to give full expression to the national mind and make plain to all the world, for all time, the nature of the foe with whom we are at death-grips, no lingering remnants of his hated language must offend the public eye. Russia has blotted out his memory and re-named her capital city. France has turned the harsh and menacing German names into the softer tones of her own tongue. We, too, have made a beginning, and neither in music nor in streets christened in happier days will we permit the language of the Hun.

*LOOK ON THIS PICTURE—*

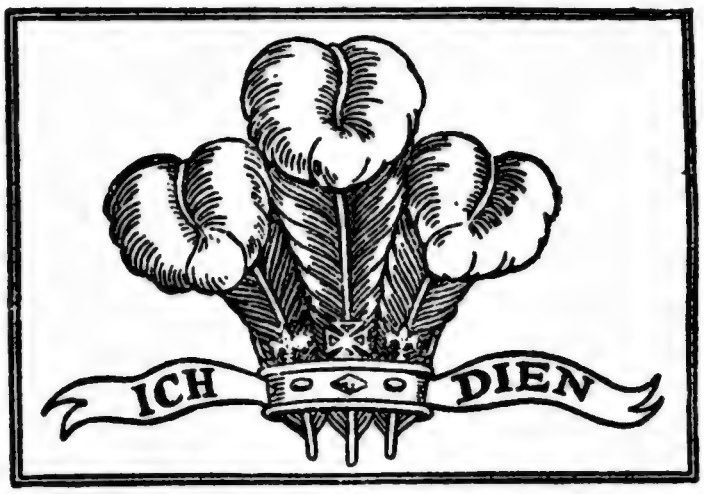



### "*Ich Dien*" MUST GO.

And now to day we ask the King and his son to take steps which will do more than any conceivable act to fire the imagination of the people—to proclaim to the world our estimate of the character and infamy of the foe. Very respectfully we beg that from the historic crest of the Prince of Wales the German legend, now hateful to our eyes, shall be for ever removed. *Ich dien!* In the hateful language of the Hun what does it stand for? What is it that the foe "serves"? With the name of God ever on his lips, he "serves" the Devil; with eyes uplifted in impious worship, he strikes down the woman and the babe. When the Prince of Wales' plumes and its motto were taken as the trophy of victory by the Black Prince and set on his cap, the defeated King John of Bohemia was an honourable foe, and in the tread and passage of the centuries *Ich dien* did not cease to mean that those who spoke the German language served God and fought chivalrously. To-day all is changed. To speak the same tongue as those who ravished and raped in Belgium; who laid Louvain a waste of broken bricks and stone, and who have spread their bestial presence over the fair places of our Allies, is to insult the tongue in our mouths. To read *Ich dien* under the plume of knightly prowess won by the Heir-Apparent to the British Crown is to be sickened by the sight of the words—to recoil at the thought that one so near to the throne and so dear to the hearts of the nation should be forced to carry such words on his crest. "I serve" is English; "I serve" is understanded of the people. It is a grand motto for a prince. They are just the words for one who, under God's blessing, will live to rule this mighty Empire and sit upon a throne "broad based upon a People's will." To some it may seem a small thing that two words should anger or inspire, ust according as they are expressed in the language we hate or the tongue we love. But it is not a small thing: it is a big thing This great Empire of ours is in the process of re-making. For years we have talked of our Imperial greatness and made empty boast of our world wide unity. Now both have been put to the test The crucible of war is welding mighty millions into one splendid family; they speak the English tongue and fight in the British way for the

freedom of the British Empire and the liberty of the world. In the King's Dominions throughout the world all that serves to remind us of the days when the deathly grip of the Germhun was upon the land, and upon the riches of the land, must be broken and scattered. No more shall the Prussian strut in his arrogance over the rich fields of the British Empire; no more shall the language of *Kultur* be loud in the Imperial market-place. Let it be set as a sign and an example that *Ich dien* passes for ever from the knightly motto of the Prince of Wales. Such a concession to national and Imperial feeling will awaken a response that will reverberate round the world. It will be taken to mean that the Prince of Wales, in the true spirit of a British prince and a British soldier, declares unchangeable hostility to our great enemy. It will mean that the Prince, who has stood beside the sturdy fellows fighting for King and Country in the death-scarred trenches of Flanders, joins heart and soul in the solemn compact against the Hun, be he on land or on sea—in commerce or in social life. The days of the "peaceful penetration" of the Germhun are gone for ever. What Parliament can promulgate, what lawyers can devise, what merchants can organise, what the common man can do, shall be done to bow the head of the enemy, and keep it bowed in the years to come. The arrogance of arms, the insults of his *Kultur*, the very tones and letters of his language, shall be removed from our sight and our ears. We will not talk with him, we will not trade with him. The Germhun has put himself outside the pale of civilised nations. The murderer of women and children is thrust out from the family of nations, and those who speak the language of the Hun, or who have taken up weapons in his defence, can never again be guests or friends of the British people. To our gallant young Prince, who came of age amid the clash and noise of war, belong many names and titles, most of them pleasing to British ears, but there are two now hateful to all loyal subjects of his Majesty the King: *Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha*—let them, too, be removed from the style and titles of our Prince. There is so much that is splendidly British and of fair memory in his other titles, that to mix it with the Germhun names, with their hated Hunnish flavour, is to taint the fair bouquet. There are always those who are timid where a great national sentiment calls for expression or gratification. But not so his Majesty. He has shown already in ways unmistakable that he seeks not only the good of the people, but to express their collective feelings. And we solicit his influence in this matter.

—AND ON THIS.




### AN APPEAL TO THE KING—

And I desire also to mention another matter. We say, respecfully, that the national will and sentiment proclaim that the Duke of Albany, now in arms against us, should no longer remain on the roll of peers as that of the prince standing third in precedence of all the flower of our nobility (and they have shown by their sacrifices that they are true to their birth) next the Heir-Apparent and the Duke of Connaught. Nor does the nation think it seemly that the Duke of Cumberland should remain a member of our House of Lords a day longer than the legislation necessary to remove him permits. He is a Colonel in the Austrian Army; he is proud to wear on his uniform as one of the Kaiser's officers the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia—an Order symbolical of those bloody talons and that flesh-tearing beak which have spread the moans of the dying and the cries of the fatherless over half the world. These men have been false to their oaths to the British King; they are traitors to the land that nurtured them; they are enemies to the Throne and are fighting on the side of Damnation. Never again can they set foot on the soil of these fair islands, which, but for the valour of our soldiers and the ceaseless watch of our sailors, they would have trod with the heels of invaders. Very respectfully, but very earnestly, I beg his Majesty to step in where the statesmen fear to tread and do this act of justice to the House of Peers—that House which has shown by the valour and the sacrifice of its members that at the call of war prince and peasant, the son of the peer and the son of the ploughman, can shoulder arms and fight side by side for King and Country and Empire.

—AND TO THE PRINCE.

But the smaller, and yet the greater, thing I ask is that the gallant crest of the Heir to the Throne—that crest which has been kept unsullied for the fight, those plumes which have never yet bent before the foe—shall be freed from the Germhun taint Let *Ich dien* no more be emblazoned on the princely escutcheon; let the hated language disappear from the proud banner of the Royal son—whom the people, now fighting to rid themselves of the sinister menace of the Prussian, will one day acclaim as their King. *Dieu et mon Droit*; the legend on the Royal Arms is in the circle of time a happy compliment to a brave ally, and full of splendid meaning to the British people. "God and my right"; the right to fight for the weak and the oppressed, the right of small nations, the right of justice against the force of might. *Ich dien* must go. "I serve" must be emblazoned in its stead. Decency demands it; the sense of fitness proclaims the need of the change. A nation, an Empire in whose ears and eyes the language of Germany has become an abhorred thing, would see in the change one more expression of that sentiment which is the sustaining influence in war, the very fount and foundation of patriotism. In the name of sentiment; in the name of British patriotism; in the name of the men who are fighting with "I serve" on their lips and in their hearts, let the change be made.

# SCRAP ALL OUR DODDERING GENERALS!

## NAPOLEON MADE HIS COMMANDERS OUT OF INNKEEPERS AND WORKING MEN.

By A. G. Hales.

There is one figure in history that stands silhouetted against the skyline of time, dwarfing all others since Cæsar, and that figure is the figure of Napoleon. Cæsar is too far away from us, he belongs to an era that has passed; our thoughts are not his thoughts, our times are not his times. But Napoleon is so close to us that he, in a sense, belongs to the present. Napoleon lived, wrought and fought in our great-grandfathers' time, only an eye-wink out of the billions of years that have come and gone during the ages, and we can claim him as a modern man, a soldier of our own period. He had more military and administrative *genius* behind one eyelash than Hindenburg, Kitchener and the Grand Duke combine in their whole anatomy. Before he was thirty-three he had won more battles, captured more cannon, taken more standards, subdued more cities, conquered more countries (including Germany), made more prisoners, smashed more armies, than all the Generals now living in Europe and Great Britain combined have accounted for in their whole lives, and some of them are nearly seventy and have been fighting from boyhood. He made more *kings* than most of them have made corporals, and at one time had no less than six kings and emperors waiting upon him like so many lackeys; *and he started practically from the ranks.* He had no family or *political* influence, and *was so poor that he had to sit up at night to educate his brother* because he had no money to pay for a tutor—and at one time was so hard up, and so utterly out of touch with the rich and powerful, that he actually tried to *start a laundry to add to his funds.* Later on he made kings wash his dirty political linen, and emperors iron and starch it.

He was not a man, nor a god. He was the unfettered spirit of Democracy, and as long as he was true to that spirit his upward flight knew no bounds; when he betrayed the spirit that made him out of mud, he fell into abysmal depths. He was never defeated; he defeated himself by betraying the mighty trust reposed in him. The day he donned the purple, that day the stars began to fight against him, as they surely fight against all who are false to their own class, whether great or small.

### Napoleon's Greatest Gift.

His greatest gift was his courage of selection. He himself said he made all his generals out of mud—a bitter speech from a man who himself had been but mud at the outset—but that was the curse of the royal purple, which made his figure grotesque, and warped his master mind. We have no man in Britain to-day with Napoleon's courage of selection, no man who dare put his heel on caste and tradition. Our armies are bound down by the burden of the antique generals who command them, pursy old men who ought to be at home teaching hens to hatch eggs. I am a lover of the antique myself—in masonry—but not in soldier-craft. I have seen in another war than this a British General so old and so pursy that when he wanted to mount his war charger (a patient old crock that looked lonely without its catsmeat cart) one soldier had to stand at the charger's (?) head, another had to hang with all his might on the stirrup to keep the saddle from slipping under the war steed's belly, whilst a third soldier had to put his shoulder under the General's buttocks to hoist him up—and this when troops were going into action and soldiers' lives were on the gamble. How long do you think Napoleon would have stood that? Just long enough to write a note of dismissal, or to rap out an order to go home and get buried. War is, or should be, business on a large scale. As soon as a man has shot his bolt, he should be scrapped, and scrapped without mercy or sentiment. Mud was good enough for the great Napoleon; it's good enough for me. I want to see a carpenter a General; a carpenter, my friends, cut the widest swathe in history, though he did come from Nazareth and not from Mayfair. We have thousands of fine young carpenters fighting in our armies; how many of them have won or have been given commissions? I want to see a blacksmith, a stone mason, a navvy, a factory hand, a saddler, a cabinet maker, a bricklayer, a costermonger, or what not, leading men in action. The day of the blue blood is a day of the past, because we have very little real blue blood nowadays.

### No Divine Right to Commissions.

Napoleon recognised no divine right to commissions. Merit was *his* only criterion. Mere bravery is no criterion; brains as well as bravery are needed. That is why, so far, we have had to be content with high-falutin' talk about the "*splendid success of our retirements.*" The nation wants to hear of the splendid success of some of our advances. We "retired gloriously from Gallipoli." No, gentlemen, I'm damned if we did. Our men fought gloriously and did the deeds of demi-gods, and had they been led by Generals who had been made out of mud they would have finished up in Constantinople; but gloss it over how you will, there was nothing "glorious" about a retreat in the face of the enemy, and nothing less than the retaking of that position will ever satisfy the men of Anzac. We have been doing far too much "glorious" retreating, or have been doing too much "holding the trenches with glorious inertia"—and we've got the best troops on God's earth to force an advance. We've got too many fat old men, or lean, doddering old men, amongst our Generals—too many dear old chaps who own a private latch-key in high quarters. We want young, swift, virile men *made out of mud.* Why not? It's a democratic army, is it not?—and Demos has brains as well as brawn and pluck if he is given half a chance!

### The Lesson We Want to Learn.

Murat and Ney, the two greatest cavalry leaders the world, ancient or modern, ever saw—or, at any rate, recorded—were lifted *from the ranks*, and both were Generals before they had reached their *thirtieth year.* We have Murats and Neys in the ranks if we only had an eagle-eyed man to lift them. Lannes and Mortier were Generals at the same early age. They had names to conjure with on the battle-fields of Europe—they were made out of mud. Davout, one of the most brilliant commanders of that brilliant period, was only about twenty-four when he was made a General by the greatest judge of soldiers of all time. Desaix was another "boy" General. Wellington himself was no greybeard when he won his General's commission, and Napoleon was little more than a boy when he got his first command. It is because the whole world has a lot of ancient relics in high command that barbed wire beats them—barbed wire would not beat brains and dash for a week. Most of the world's Generals—our own and the enemies'—want labelling and shelving in a museum amongst the mummies.

# DEATH—AND THE KAISER.

## THE ONE DANGER WHEN IT COMES—THE PERIL OF FALSE PEACE.

BY CHARLES PALMER (LATE EDITOR OF *The Globe*).

Nations in arms and a world in anger will look on without a pang, without a sigh. For him neither sorrow nor pity, neither mourning nor regret. Out of a Europe at peace he called up the dogs of war; their lurid fangs now drip with the blood of men. They are hungry still for flesh; they thirst yet for the hideous streams; they bay like wolves around his bed. The head that schemed that his spirit might dominate the world has been in pain; the brain that plotted to build an Empire on a foundation of evil, to subject all men to a relentless machine, to crush the spirit of Civilisation and fetter the limbs of freedom, strangely quiet. In those hours of sleeplessness what were his thoughts; what his hopes for the future of his people, for his schemes against the world he has bathed in blood? Has he realised that all that makes for civilisation and humanity has regarded his illness without a qualm? But the Devil of War, the begetter of Hate, whose voice was the voice of Woe, and whose tongue spit Death, will yet be calling for the Great Mercy. Then the world will look on silent and cynical and apprehensive of a false peace.

### IN THE GARB OF THE ANGEL.

Not for this has Belgium seen the fields of her productiveness trodden in the mud of the invader; not for this has France seen her fair lands, and her wealth, ravaged and destroyed; not for this has mighty Russia flung her hordes into the cauldron of war, or piteous Serbia and the men of Montenegro suffered death and exile before the oncoming hosts of the Devil of Strife. When Death knocks, then will be the time of the greater peril. In the radiant garb of the Angel will come the masquerading Demon "crying peace when there is no peace," speaking fair words with a foul heart; pretending the reasonableness of the conquered to hide the sword still unsheathed, using the pathetic face of sentiment to mask the grimaces of revenge.

### A TRANSFORMATION.

With the world in arms, and the four corners of the earth reddened with blood, the craft of the Hun is our danger, the guile of the Serpent is our peril. Half man, half maniac, demon and demented, the Kaiser will then be powerless for harm. His was the head and front of the offending; his the crime and the punishment. Slowly, remorselessly, he taught his people to forget their forefathers and live only for the lust of power. Under his merciless hand a nation versed in the arts of peace, rich in domestic virtues, was made a nation of blood, ruthless for conquest. The very religion which they shared with us, the very words they got from the lips of Luther, men warped and twisted to grotesque meanings, and a faith once strong for the right was distorted into a mockery of truth. At his command a nation rose in its ordered might; a great engine of war, fashioned slowly and in secret, with travail and with science, moved relentlessly forward. Only the spirit of free men, the courage of small peoples and the might of a great Empire, could stay its progress. But like the car of Juggernaut it claimed its victims, not in scores or hundreds, but in thousands and millions. Yet it has moved with ever-increasing difficulty; the bodies of brave men have been willingly thrown, in the exaltation of patriotism, in its merciless path. To-day the maker of the machine lies sick. And still it moves. But it moves wearily, sullenly. The promise of conquest is as a star that has waned; the sky of victory is clouded by the God of Justice, and a people for whom was foretold great things will one day be gathered around the bed of their stricken Kaiser. What will they see? Will they see the end of a fantastic dream; or will they still be the befooled of the Kaiser's creatures, still believe that the longed-for peace which once more will be placarded as victory is the guerdon of all their hopes and all their sacrifices?

### BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

For us and for all who are struggling that the world may be free, and truth prevail, there must be no yielding to temptation. We and those who stand with us in the entrenched fields of Europe and Asia cannot and must not sheathe the sword. To make a peace over the bed of the stricken and self-styled Lord of War would be to compromise with the Powers of Evil, to play traitor to the cause of Empire and humanity. We have suffered and we are suffering. The bereaved homes of Britain, the broken and the maimed, tell their own pitiful tale. But the nations with whom we stand in the amity of allied arms have suffered even more. There can be no thought of peace until the fiend of Europe has been broken on the wheel of war, until in God's good time, and in the fulness of victory, all that we have fought for and bled for has been won past losing. To listen to this artful voice of Peace would mean that in due time the voice of War would again be loud over the earth. Through the intervening years the nations that have fought for justice and for liberty would, at cost of pain and beneath the shadow of a constant menace, be always "under arms."

### TO BERLIN AND VICTORY!

Let the fight go on whatever the sacrifice, whatever the price. To make peace around the bier of the High Murderer of Europe would be to risk all. There are faint hearts at home, there are subtle influences abroad that would answer at once to the sentiment of Death. Those who stood behind the Kaiser in willing this war, the men who understand his methods and emulate his guile, would be ready to use even his corpse to make a "*pax*" that should lure and deceive. Germany has ceased to hope for conquest; she is still fighting for terms. There is not one of those gathered round the Kaiser to-day who does not know that he pays allegiance to a conquered Emperor. If peace could come now to the Germhun it would mean saving the remnants for a defeated People, and averting the full price which that People must pay for a world in arms. When Death comes to the Kaiser it will find Germany weak, but it will find the Allies strong. Britain is making a new effort just when the hand of Death is withdrawn from the greatest of the foe. The manhood of the nation is consecrated, yes, and conscript, to the Great Endeavour. There is no faltering in the struggle. We have not yet plumbed the limits of our strength. In men, in money, in resolve, in spirit, we have resources still untouched. And we say to the enemy—sobered though he may be by the shadow of Death, by the nearness of the bony fingers that claim the exalted who wills the death of others just as it answers his merciless demand that millions should die—that nothing but victory on the stricken field, nothing but peace terms exacted in Berlin, nothing but a great and over-mastering triumph will satisfy the Peoples whom the Kaiser has challenged and defied.

## THE ZEPPELINS ARE COMING!

*(The grave warning given to London by Mr. Pemberton-Billing—who is contesting Mile End on practically the sole "ticket" of the Air Defences of London, and who predicts an early return of the sky murderers from Germany—should be taken seriously to heart by the public.)*

None but the unthinking will comfort themselves with the reflection that we have seen the last or worst of the Zeppelin raids. Every intelligent student of the newspapers is aware that in neutral countries our enemies are circulating maps purporting to show that London is a fortified city, and that they are therefore justified in attacking it. All is fish, however, which comes to their net, and damage done and lives lost in provincial villages or cities will be equally acceptable to the Huns. No matter what their wishes may be, they are perforce obliged to confine their operations to the air, our Fleet having closed all other channels.

The damage which Zeppelins have hitherto accomplished is, it is to be feared, infinitesimal compared with what may be reasonably anticipated from the attack in force which has been in preparation since last autumn. The high gales and the cold which have been prevailing are, of course, unpropitious for the operations of such craft, but with the return to more settled atmospheric conditions which may now be looked for, no reasonable man will neglect every precaution in his power. The latest airship to be used against us carried no less than three tons of high explosives capable of doing enormous damage to life, limb and property—as many sufferers have, unfortunately, experienced.

### Out-Herodıng Herod.

There is reason, however, to believe that the boast of the Huns that they have evolved a new type of aerial monster, able to eclipse all previous records in size, speed and carrying capacity, is not altogether without justification. Should the threat to send over here a whole fleet of these colossal engines of war materialize, it is to be hoped that everything which science, skill and courage can do to safeguard these islands will be availed of. Mr. Pemberton-Billing, a late Flying Corps Commander, has thought it his duty to throw up his appointment and stand as a candidate at the Mile End by-election in the hope of being returned to press the claims of the Air Service, which he considers are not being properly recognised. His view, founded upon experience, is that inadequate use is being made of the men and materials available, especially in reference to the defence of London—although any loss or injury sustained by innocent civilians will—contrary to the hope of the murderous foe—but steel the nation to endurance until we secure a triumphal peace.

In view of the imminence of the danger, we are anxious that all our readers should be insured against risk to themselves, their families and their homes. We have, therefore, decided to simplify our great Aid Raid Insurance—the first, and by far the most generous Free War Insurance ever offered to the public. A reference to page ii of our cover will show that the filling up of the coupons has been modified in the case of readers who find it convenient to send in their form from week to week, and we hope that the consequent saving of time and trouble will result in even greater advantage being taken of this unique and epoch-making scheme.

No less than 283 claims have already been paid to Zeppelin sufferers, and every reader who takes advantage of our offer and unfortunately finds himself the victim of such a nefarious attack may rely upon being promptly treated in a generous manner, without hair-splitting or quibbling.

## HOW THINGS REALLY ARE IN GERMANY.

By A PRISONER FROM RUHLEBEN.

I have recently returned home, after passing through a terrible time at the hands of the Huns.

Food has, at all times, been insufficient in quantity, and the quality has been poor. At one time each man received a loaf of "bread" (made of sawdust, Sova has now been reduced to one-fifth loaf per day! Those who have money could at one time buy things at the canteen, and a like privilege fell to those getting the 5 marks a week relief grant. That, however is all changed now, and the day before I left the Camp an inquiry at the canteen showed that they only had salt, pepper, some sweets, and a few apples for sale.

It is, as usual, the middle-class man and the poor professional man at Ruhleben who suffer most. The rich have money and can buy bedsteads, chairs, mattresses and so on. The sailors have their pay continuing, and get parcels from Unions and various sympathisers; but the artist, journalist, clerk, small tradesman, *et hoc genus omne*, are in bad case.

It is feared that, as the war progresses and becomes grimmer, our prisoners will be still worse off, and perhaps even that devil von Puthoff's advice may be followed. Meantime, they are forming a stock, where possible, and those who can manage it should send their poor prisoners a couple of parcels every week, with butter or lard, cheese, condensed milk, tinned meat or fish, and some biscuits of the Osborne or lunch type. Of bread, currant or tinned white are the best

I am often asked, "Do they really get the parcels?" Most certainly; good old Uncle Sam has his eye on them. What *may* arise as the war goes on, of course no one can tell—so get through all you can in reason.

### The Stop-the-War Rioting.

In view of the conflicting stories regarding rioting in Germany, I may say that I myself heard firing from Berlin, and was told by a man who had been out to the Embassy that the women were storming the bakers' shops and screaming, "We want no war! Give us bread for our dying children!" Similar scenes have been witnessed in Frankfurt, Cologne, Hamburg, Chemnitz, Dresden, and other German towns.

As to the length of the war, I am reluctant to express a definite opinion. If things remain as they are, Germany will struggle through till next winter. If, however, Roumania or some other neutral should favour the Hun, then it may easily last a further year or more. But should any other Power come in with us, then a collapse might be looked for about June next. The most hopeful sign for peace, however, is the attitude of the German people. "We want no more lying telegrams!" they are crying, and are proceeding to lengths which—considering the innate discipline and obedience to authority of the German citizen—are far more eloquent than any similar disturbances would be in France, Italy, or England. At any moment the sleeping force may awaken and crush the thrice-accursed military systems to powder.

### "What Do the Germans Think?"

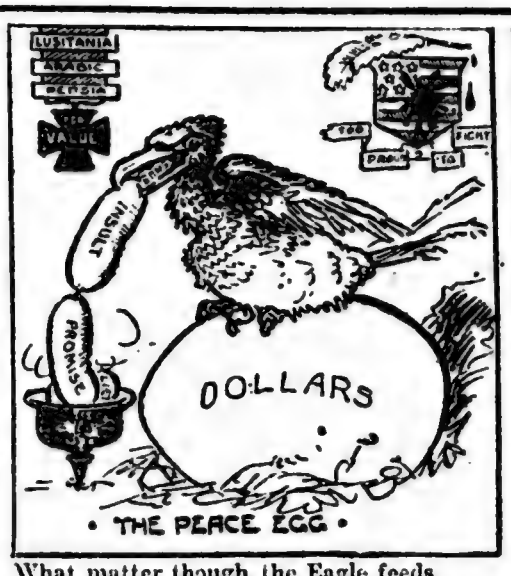
This is another question I am often asked. The officer class are convinced that they will ultimately win, or, failing that, exhaust the Allies, whilst Germany will be merely a white elephant—an empty eggshell from which nothing will be got. The soldiers and the people are absolutely sick of the whole thing, and would welcome peace. Germany has been put back 150 years—whilst, as a soldier said to me, "Our once good name will now stink for centuries."

**Few equal it. None excel the "John Bull" Pen.**

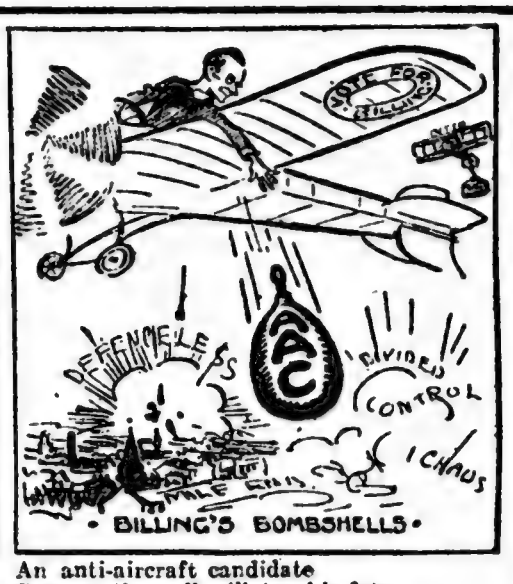
# "JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

## BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The slow decisions of the old
Are sometimes good, but rarely bold:
Yet boldness and decision are
The only way to win the war.




What matter though the Eagle feeds
On insult and on dastard deeds
(And more food of like nature begs),
So long as it lay golden eggs?




An anti-aircraft candidate
Soon at the poll will try his fate:
He would restore to London—light,
And cringe not from the Zeps, but fight!

Who'd not a German trader be,
Enjoying such immunity,
On profitable business bent,
*Protected by the Government?*—

While on the sea our gallant tars
Are bound, as if in iron bars,
And checked in their determination
To bring the Germans to starvation!

In short, our Foreign Office shows
A willingness to feed our foes,
Who, waxing fat on what we send 'em,
Smile at our threats to starve and end 'em.

## A GOLD WATCH CASE.

### TINNY TICKERS THAT DISAPPOINT BUYERS.

In our bad books we place the Stockwell Watch Co.—of Stockwell Green, London, S.W.—who are exploiting a trick which is not new but which is reprehensible. They issue an advertisement that tells a guileless reader to send them 3s. 6d., and 6d. for postage, in part payment for a gold watch, the balance of 30s. to be paid in easy instalments. They make the statement that on receipt of the 4s. as mentioned they will send a watch to the customer for him to wear while paying his instalments. The advertisement is intended to lead people to believe that the gold watch as ordered will be the watch that is forwarded, and we have no doubt many innocent folk are trapped in this way. One of our readers was caught. He sent the preliminary 4s., and he got—a watch. It is an article which he says might be worth 2s. 11d., but he may have over-valued it. Anyway, it is a very cheap and very common watch, and is certainly not the article he was led to expect. He returned the thing and asked for his money back, preferring to have no more dealings with the Stockwell Watch Co. The firm have not deigned to vouchsafe one word in reply, although he has written them on numerous occasions. They have his money, and they also have their own trumpery, tinny ticker.

But perhaps, after all, our friend got off cheaply.

## THE PEACEFUL SETTLEMENT.

At length a settlement is reached,
And threats and warnings cease,
America and Germany
Have found the way to peace;
The world is glad to hear the news
That makes the future bright
For that great, haughty nation which
Is far too proud to fight.

When Yankee citizens were slain
She rose and penned a note,
Politely to the murderers
In softest words she wrote;
And when the Huns, by killing more,
Proved protests were in vain,
Why, like a noble nation, she
Sat down and wrote again.

Their wordy strife is over now,
For Germany agrees
To still pursue her piracy
And murder on the seas;
She will not try to kill a Yank,
But, should she leave one dead,
Send in the bill, and she'll cough up
The price—so much per head!

RICHARD MORTON.

**There's a wealth of wisdom on page ii of cover.**

## A MAD MOVE.

### DANGEROUS ENEMY ALIEN SET FREE.

A year ago we were able to announce that "Charles Brown," the notorious "private detective," of 13, New Oxford Street, had been interned as an enemy alien, the name of "Brown" being an *alias* covering the personality of one Burger, or Berger, an unnaturalised German subject. At the time of his arrest, Burger was carrying on a business which was of a highly suspicious character, and in view of the man's known record, we are surprised to learn that by some means or other he has contrived to regain his liberty. Clearly the matter is one upon which the Home Office should be sharply interrogated, and in the public interest we venture briefly to recapitulate our own dealings with this man, and to recall one or two of the leading incidents in his shady career.

THE DEUTSCHER "DETECTIVE."

As long ago as August, 1913, we were able to warn our readers against the pretensions of "Charles Brown," who was then making great play with offers of "free legal advice." Later in the same year we frankly stated that "Brown" was really a German, named Burger, and that before establishing himself at 13, New Oxford Street, he had carried on a rather disreputable private inquiry agency at an address in Maida Vale, being aided by a broken-down solicitor, who was smartly fined upon our disclosure of his shady devices.

At this point, suspecting the extent of our knowledge and fearing further exposures, Burger had the impudence to institute libel proceedings against us, being able—owing, as we pointed out at the time, to "the stupidities of the English law"—to put us to a great deal of trouble and no small expense. Finally, we managed to get the action set down for trial, but it was no part of Burger's purpose to submit his business methods to the scrutiny of a British jury. He failed to follow up the action, which was therefore dismissed with costs, which in the circumstances we have never attempted to collect. Meanwhile, we renewed our exposures until, as we say, in December, 1914, we were able to state that at the instance of the police, Burger, an undesirable alien, if ever there was one, and an enemy to boot, had been safely shepherded into an internment camp.

A PUBLIC PERIL.

Now comes the astounding news of his release. For some occult reason, the authorities have gone out of their way to let loose upon the community an enemy subject whose whole record in this country is tainted with the gravest suspicion. What influences have been brought to bear to bring about this amazing result we are unable even to surmise. The incident serves to confirm the impression that in the handling of enemy aliens an alarming degree of laxity continues to prevail. Although of undisguisable German origin, Burger seems always to have been at great pains to conceal his nationality, having posed successively, although never successfully, as a Scotsman, an Irishman, an American, and an Englishman. All this in the days when, to our undoing, we were guilelessly unsuspicious of Teuton trickery, but in the light of subsequent events several features in the career of the New Oxford Street "detective" assume at least the possibility of a new and sinister significance. We know, for instance, that in the employment of "Charles Brown" in his palmiest days was another German, named Köckler, *alias* Richard Wilson, and it is easy to imagine that the "private inquiries" of these two experts may have gone a good deal beyond the rather sordid episodes of which before the war we were able to obtain information. Meanwhile, what has become of Köckler? Has he also earned the misdirected favour of a benevolent Ministry? This question, with a dozen others, demands an official reply. Upon what grounds has Burger been set at liberty? Has security for his good behaviour been taken, and, if so, who are his sponsors? Perhaps some patriotic Member of Parliament will make it his business to inquire.

## THE MILITARY HORSE SCANDAL.

### CONFIRMATION FROM THE R.S.P.C.A.

There is further confirmation of the cruelty to military horses in the camp at Kendal, as alleged by our local informant, and Lt.-Colonel Cadman must by this time be rather sorry for rushing in so hastily to deny the facts. Not only at Kendal, but elsewhere we are convinced that Army horses are undergoing a very great deal of preventable and unnecessary hardship in the camps this winter. Kendal is not the first scandal of horses frozen to death. If they were not picketed they could at least keep themselves a little warm. They are frozen at the stake in the bitter weather. So many and so obvious have been the cases of hardship and cruelty that the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has made them the subject of inquiry. The War Office takes up the position that horses intended for military purposes are better in the open than in stables if they have their winter coats, and rugging is objected to as the animals are more likely to contract skin diseases. In view of this attitude, it is very difficult for the Society to do anything effective in the matter; nevertheless, it has continued to bring pressure to bear on the authorities—with the result that, so far as the Kendal scandal is concerned, the horses have been removed to a drier field where there is some shelter, and speaking generally their condition is not so bad as it was. The Society has also been able in other districts to alleviate to some extent the conditions in which the horses, unused to this sort of roughing, are kept. The War Office is backed by expert veterinary opinion in all that happens; thus it comes about that, whatever the poor beasts suffer, the War Office is always right and everybody else always wrong. Let the War Office veterinaries—we will not say get some humanity into their skins—but let them see that blundering and neglect do not take place on the part of their subordinates in the treatment of beasts in Army service.

## PROTEAN PURVEYORS.

### THE TRICKY TRANSMUTATIONS OF A TRADING TRINITY.

The swift evolution of "British" commercial companies has been among the most amazing of war phenomena. For example, a year or more ago we showed how the business of Otto Schleicher, of Warton Road, Stratford, E., had been metamorphosed into the Ceres Works Company, of which the "Proprietors, T. Stanley and Bros.," were said to be Britishers of the purest antecedents. Among other things, Messrs. Stanley and Bros. are dealers in harness oils and other stable preparations, and, unless we are much mistaken, the following advertisement, lately appearing in a Glasgow journal, is to be traced to their doors:—

> Call on farmers, earn £5-£14 week. Write Glasald, 56, Warton Road, Stratford, London.

Replying to this tempting announcement, a Scottish reader found himself in communication with a firm styled Messrs. Bee and Co., at the address named, by whom the proposed agency was represented as a glitteringly lucrative proposition. There was talk of a 25 per cent. commission, with prospects of a settled income in the neighbourhood of £700 a year. From this extravagant bidding, it may be inferred that Messrs. Bee and Co. have had some difficulty in obtaining agents for the sale of their oily wares, a circumstance for which the shade of Otto Schleicher may be in some measure responsible. After close investigation, we have no doubt whatever that the Ceres Works Company (late Otto Schleicher) are identical with Messrs. Bee and Co., though why Messrs. T. Stanley and Bros. should need still another alternative style and title we are at a loss to conjecture. On the door at 56, Warton Road, Stratford, E., the three names appear—Bee and Co., Ceres Works Co., Stanley and Brothers.

**He is well armed who uses a "John Bull" Pen.**

## BEAUTY BUNKUM.

### MIRACLES GRATIS—AT GREAT EXPENSE.

Some time ago, a lady answered an advertisement and so got into communication with Mlle. Simone Mareix, of 133, Oxford Street, London. A book on beauty and magnetism was to be obtained at a cost of sixpence, so the inquirer, being interested in the magnetic moiety of the affair and not caring much about the beauty business, chanced the necessary outlay and awaited results. They came in the form of a sheaf of papers and the artful assurance that she could not be magnetic without beauty. She was told there must be something wrong with her complexion, and that she was sure to be using toilet preparations of some kind. Why not, therefore, study the "Miracle of Mareix," and acquire beauty up to the Simone sample? The lady, since then, has spent some money on the marvels of Mareix, but, strangely enough, is dissatisfied. So she has sent us the *dossier* of the case.

THE GIFTS OF THE GODS GRATIS!

From it we learn that "Beauty can be Created," and that there is "Beauty for Every Woman." All you need do is—put your trust in Simone Mareix. She was once, she tells you, a struggling girl in the great city of Paris, searching for employment, and she determined to make herself beautiful and attractive "if by any power on earth she could do so." And ——? Well, she has won two International Beauty Prizes, she "lives in an aristocratic section of Paris, surrounded by luxury and the evidences of wealth." She has done this all off her own bat, and she will do the same for you. "If you are 40 or 50 years of age, you can probably make a much greater transformation in your own appearance than Mlle. Mareix was able to make in hers." So there now! And perhaps, if you are 60, you can knock out the saucy Simone herself at the next International Beauty Show! And not only loveliness shall be yours, but you shall acquire also that "subtle, indefinable, magnetic force that sways the minds of men, and brings success, wealth, happiness." Perhaps you think the cost prohibitive? Bless you, no! It is free! Mareix wants no money. She is "an actress by profession," and has "succeeded exceptionally well from a financial standpoint." She takes on "this work" of making ladies beautiful because she "loves it." After she has made you "fascinating and attractive," then "you can remit the small fee" of 10s. Beauty is certainly cheap at the price; why, it is giving it away!

"AND THE NEXT, PLEASE?"

You wonder how it is done, and you turn to the "Course of Instructions" for enlightenment. It is then that you begin to see things—and to understand. The "course" is a formidable document, typed by some process, of many thousands of words. And you learn that the treatment will be somewhat expensive. Here are just a few of the articles you will need:—Creme Tokalon, 2s. Tokalon Soap, 1s. Poudre Fascination, 2s. 11d. Ditto, comprimes, 1s. 9d. Comprime de Rouge, 2s. Virgil Eyebrow Pencils, 1s. Virgil Lip Pencils, 1s. 9d. Santonex, 3s. 11d. Japanese Ice Pencils, 5s. 6d. Nemakol, 4s. 11d. Beauty Paste, 5s. 6d. Levathol Witch Hazel, 4s. 1d. Nor does that little lot exhaust the list. Other formulæ may be prescribed, and there is a list of "Revised Prices" with formulæ numbered at haphazard from No. 6 to No. 1015. It is headed, "Please fix this sheet in your copy of 'The Wealth of Health.'" Health at the price must indeed need Wealth.

Let it be understood that Simone does not herself deal in these toilet preparations and formulæ. You must get them all "from the chemist." But as these things, Tokalon, Nemakol, Levathol, and so on, are proprietary articles, it is quite evident there is a big profit for somebody if credulous females can be induced to follow the "free" course of instructions. Mlle. Simone's "literature" and correspondence must cost her a considerable sum, and of course she wants to get it back—and a bit over. Her pretty pose as a wealthy philanthropist is just bosh and bunkum.

## A PLAGUY PRIEST.

### INSULTING HIS MAJESTY'S COMMISSION.

In less spacious days we have had our differences with the Rev. E. N. Dew, Vicar of Galleywood, Chelmsford. The Vicar seems to have made little mental or spiritual progress since the time when he arrogantly refused the offices of the Church to a woman whose child was born rather sooner after her marriage than is commonly the case. This act of stiff-necked intolerance was the measure of the man, and the sequel has been in strict keeping with this paltry precedent. To multiply instances would be to weary the reader and to magnify the insignificance of the offender, but in the public interest we are bound to advert to the attitude of the Vicar towards Army officers lately billeted in the neighbourhood of Galleywood. The village is not a large one, and it has naturally been a little difficult to find sufficient suitable accommodation for commissioned ranks, but, with the assistance of the Vicar, such obstacles might have been readily overcome. Unhappily, Mr. Dew seems to have thrown every hindrance in the way of the authorities, and although at the Vicarage there was plenty of spare room, we have it on the reverend gentleman's own admission that he did his utmost "to be relieved of the necessity of billeting any officers." What he seems in fact to have done is to have received the homeless officers with the worst possible grace, and then to have traded upon their necessities in a spirit of commercialism sadly at variance with the traditions of his cloth. For the retrievement of the situation much credit is due to Mr. T. D. Weeks, a local farmer, who seems to have made every effort to meet the requirements of the officers, to earn no better thanks from the Vicar than the disparaging and wholly unwarranted suggestion that "things must be a bit rough at a farm-house." As a matter of fact, we are able to state that the guests of Mr. Weeks were most comfortably housed, while in regard to the conditions at the Vicarage, we have perhaps already said enough. There seems to be a shady seam or two in the pure white robe of Galleywood's proud priest.

## KEARNEY'S COD!

### A FISHY CATCH FOR A KNOWING "NURSE."

Proverbially, a fool and his money are soon parted, but the separation process utilised by a certain "Nurse" Kearney, of Manchester, is, we hope, too blatant to be effective on anything but a modest scale. From 305, Lower Broughton Road she sends out batches of literature puffing a "wonderful medical discovery," the "outcome of scientific investigation," which she proclaims cures a whole list of diseases permanently and effectively. This "sensation of the age," as she unblushingly describes it, will be sent to sufferers for a guinea only, although it is composed of "rare and expensive ointments." She promises to make "an exhaustive study" of the prospective "parter's" condition, but before sending the money we would advise any sufferer to inquire into her *bona fides*. Indeed, we venture to doubt her medical qualifications, for one of her "scientific investigations" was into the nature of a substance which was alleged to be matter emanating from a sore, and was diagnosed by her as "an unhealthy discharge of the ulcer," she at the time assuring her correspondent that the wonderful treatment would be a certain cure, and that "by its use all discharge will stop." The patient was gravely warned of the danger of delay—and, doubtless, after this specialist opinion, "Nurse" Kearney looked for a remittance by the next post. But the only injury which had been sustained was to her own leg, which had suffered from an extremely hard pull—for the substance she had pronounced to be symptomatic of an ulcer was really extracted from the row of a codfish! We note that "Nurse" Kearney guarantees a cure—she might try the effect of peat-smoke in this instance!

**In trench, camp and hospital the "John Bull" is invaluable.**

## CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

*[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]*

**To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.**

DEAR MR. ASQUITH,—Much to my regret, I perceive that the Government are not keeping their eagle eye on the cocoa trade. If I correctly read the statistics, the cocoa exports to neutral Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden during 1915 amounted to 34,520,987 lbs. What do you suppose these neutrals are doing with that little lot? Paving the streets with it?

JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P., Minister of Munitions.**

DEAR MINISTER,—Information reaches me that of the 20,000 men of military age employed at Woolwich Arsenal, 7,000 have been notified for service in the five first classes, and yet the Arsenal has been placarded with notices to the effect that these selected men will be granted exemption papers *on application to the foreman*. Why not extend the exemption authority and include the doorkeeper and the office boy? Applications for work by men over 40 are refused without discrimination—although many of them are vigorous, healthy men, capable of undertaking any work requiring intelligence and serious effort. Is it accurate that these qualities are not required because a man's output is restricted at the Arsenal to that fixed by the Trade Unions, and that beyond this he must not go? Is it also accurate that numbers of capable voluntary workers employed at the Arsenal are given and kept at work more suitable for children, and that if they were allowed to do their best they could easily turn out from 30 per cent. to 60 per cent. more work? And as you are making a stentorian shout for 80,000 skilled and 200,000 unskilled men for ammunition works at home, are volunteers for American ammunition works being called for in the Arsenal, and have a batch of Arsenal men left or are they about to leave for New York? Awaiting your kind reply.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., Home Secretary.**

DEAR MR. SAMUEL,—First of all let me congratulate you upon the political good fortune which at this early stage of your public career has pitchforked you into a Secretaryship of State. In the next place, permit me to call your attention to the official admission of your Department that at the present time there are no fewer than 23,000 enemy aliens at large in this country, 400 male Germans and Austrians being actually domiciled upon the East Coast. I don't know how it strikes you, but to me this seems an amazing and an extremely dangerous state of affairs. What do you mean to do in the matter, and when?

JOHN BULL.

**To John Redmond, Esq., M.P.**

MY DEAR REDMOND,—I have always regarded you not only as an honest, but an able, Parliamentarian. But you have made a terrible mess of things by your tactics over the Compulsion Bill. If the necessity for opposition was real on the first reading, why should it disappear on the second? You have done Home Rule no good by this somersault. What a splendid opportunity you have missed! You might have made Carson your friend!

JOHN BULL.

**To Sir George Reid, M.P., House of Commons, S.W.**

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Accept my warm congratulations upon your unopposed return for St. George's, Hanover Square. Your election to the British House of Commons at this stage of the Empire's history is an eloquent sign of the times, and a happy augury for the future. I trust that when the war is over means may be found to bring the Mother Country and the Overseas Dominions into closer political relations, and to focus in some practical form those sentiments of kinship of which you have been an inspired exponent. Meanwhile, we are proud to see you at Westminster.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Rev. E. J. B. Kirtlan, Walham Street Wesleyan Church, Hull.**

REVEREND SIR,—I do not think all the sermons preached on Intercession Day produced anything finer or more spirited than your Sunday evening address. Your text was well-chosen—"There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked," and you spoke with clear insight, pointing out that "we chivalrously rushed into the fray to defend the cause of humanity in Belgium. But we soon discovered that Belgium was the highway to Scarborough and Hull and London. We began to fight for agonised Belgium. We continued fighting for menaced England and Scotland and Wales and Canada and Australia and India." It seems to me that there you put the truth about the war into a nutshell. And here are more words of yours:—"I put it to our pacific friends in this town: If a man mad with lust enters your house and despoils your wife and your child, what would you do, sirs? And I say that if a member of the Independent Labour Party, or a Quaker, or any other being calling himself a man, did not rise up and measure his strength with that lust-possessed, devil-possessed intruder, and grapple with him, and, if need be, strangle him, then I say deliberately he himself should be strangled forthwith. He is not fit to live." Sir, I thank you, and I hope to hear of you again.

JOHN BULL.

**To His Grace the Duke of Bedford, K.G.**

YOUR GRACE,—That test case at Woburn Police Court is for you a legal victory, but it is at the same time a moral defeat. You have secured the right to turn out of her cottage Mrs. Tansley and her family, although the husband—who until he enlisted was the local blacksmith—has gone to fight. You were considerate enough to pay the costs on both sides, but you have won your point. Much good may it do you. Mrs. Tansley is to give up her 2s. 6d. per week cottage to make way for the new blacksmith. What the new Act is worth Heaven only knows, when the local legal light can hold that Tansley's leaving home and work to join the Army was not "attributable to the war." The least you can do is to give Mrs. Tansley your best suite at Woburn Abbey.

JOHN BULL.

**To Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., Chairman, London Sessions.**

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—I am happy to endorse your claim that you "have worked the Probation of Offenders' Act for all it is worth," and I am delighted to know that the leniency thus shown to novices in crime has had such splendid results—"hundreds of offenders having been saved from becoming habitual criminals." This is a high testimony to the efficacy of the Act, and I trust your conclusions may have the effect of inducing other Judges and Magistrates to make freer and fairer use of its provisions than some of them have yet been disposed to do. Meanwhile, pray continue to temper justice with mercy, and accept my warm congratulations on the results already achieved.

JOHN BULL.

**To Colonel Sir Charles Wakefield, Lord Mayor of London.**

MY LORD MAYOR,—It was a happy idea of yours to throw open the Long Parlour at the Mansion House as a Recruiting Office and to call personally for the enlistment of the lads of London town. I am glad to know that good results have been attained, and I trust that in the remaining weeks an even better response may be seen. No one would be more pleased than I if, at the eleventh hour, compulsory measures should prove unnecessary. In any case, you have done your part.

JOHN BULL.

**To Ex-Squadron Commander Pemberton-Billing.**

SIR,—I like your pluck. Believing that you have a sound scheme for the better defence of London against aerial attack, you have relinquished your command in the Naval Air Service, and resolved "to fight every vacant seat on a war ticket until you get into the House of Commons." That is the spirit that "gets there," and since you seem to have something useful to contribute to the counsels of a long-suffering nation, I wish you all good luck. Go in and win!

JOHN BULL.

**It is best to prepare for the worst.** **See page ii of cover.**

# THE SOWER OF DEATH—

AND THE REAPER.

## OH, KAYE'S SAUCE!

### PRIZE-WINNERS PESTERED BY SHAM SOLUTIONIST.

From time to time we have had occasion to warn our readers against parasites who gain a dishonest living by perverting the legitimate aims of popular competitions, such as "Bullets." The latest to be added to the black list is a Mr. Herbert Kaye, the Editor of the *Competition Prizewinner*. Two recent first-prize "Bullets" winners —one of £1,000—have been approached by this enterprising individual, the initial overture taking the harmless and friendly form of a telegram of congratulation. The ice thus broken and, it was hoped, a kindly feeling established, a call was paid by a person styling himself the representative of the so-called journal. The stranger soon explained the real object of the telegram and of his visit—making it clear that the worthy Mr. Kaye desired that, for a consideration, the winner should permit it to go forth—by advertisement and otherwise—that "a very prominent London Solutionist" had compiled the effort which had been awarded the great prize, although it was, as a matter of fact, entirely evolved by the successful competitor. In return for the countenancing of this deception—represented as quite harmless—first a pound, and subsequently thirty shillings, a week was offered, this payment to continue for a year. The impudent and insulting proposal was, it is scarcely necessary to say, indignantly rejected.

We are informed, and have little difficulty in believing, that Mr. Kaye is a versatile individual—despite his exacting editorial duties, finding time to dabble in various side-lines. We have, therefore, less hesitation in accepting the assertion that the "prominent London Solutionist," who was to obtain the kudos were his emissary's bait swallowed, is, in fact, himself under another name. We are glad of this, for we like to think that the guilt of such a mean and dishonest scheme is restricted to as few culprits as possible.

## AN OPTIMIST AT SEVENTY-TWO.

### THE "DIVINE SARAH" ON THE OUTCOME OF THE WAR.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, concerning whom we had certain ominous reports only a week or so ago, is still very much alive. Like ourselves, she is an ardent optimist, and has sent the following exclusive message to the women of England through this week's issue of *Everywoman's Weekly*. "In this tragic hour my message to every woman in Britain is: Be brave! sure in the victory which awaits my brave countrymen and the Allies. Men must fight, but this is not the time for women to weep. They must be strong in faith, active in war-work—inspiring, as ever, by their love and patriotism the magnificent courage of their countrymen. France will never forget what Britain has done and is doing—Frenchwomen and Britishwomen join hands in a bond of mutual sympathy and affection, rejoicing together in the renewed hope of our glorious future and of eternal friendship cemented in the war."

## "BULLETS" ON BATTLESHIPS.

It must be a source of great satisfaction to every true Briton that our gallant tars and marines keep so fit and well while maintaining their ceaseless vigil. We are pleased that one of their principal mental recreations is our own "Bullets" Competition, and that last week we were able to announce that Mr. Arthur Cottrell, of H.M.S. *Barham*—the largest warship in the world, and sister to the famous *Queen Elizabeth*—had forwarded an effort of sufficient merit to earn the £250 prize.

Mr. Cottrell is the Admiral's Chef, and the "glorious and most opportune cheque," as he describes it, comes when he is, unhappily, suffering much anxiety owing to the serious illness of his only son, aged eight. We sincerely hope that the lad may speedily recover and that Mr. Cottrell's good fortune will be unclouded.

## THERE'S A PICTURE FOR YOU!

### ABSOLUTELY FREE BUT YOU *MUST* PAY.

"In order to advertise our stock of engravings, water colours, oil paintings, and other pictures," recently declared the Globe Fine Art Company, of 8 and 9, Johnson's Court, E.C., "we are offering you the above splendid picture absolutely free." "The above" is reproduced in a block; it is a sentimental tableau showing a lieutenant parting from his best girl in the grounds of the old ancestral home. Although over and over again it is reiterated that the picture—boldly described as "worth a guinea"—is given away free, gratis and for nothing, it appears that anyone desiring a copy must send 7d. "for postage and packing." We have before us one of the prints, and—disregarding the old adage about too close a scrutiny of a gift—looking it in the face, we discover it to be an ordinary half-tone reproduction of a wash drawing, lettered as though it were the engraving which the value placed upon it by the Company in the introductory words we have quoted from the advertisement would lead a potential purchaser to believe. It is, indeed, such a plate as is often really given away with the Christmas Number of an illustrated weekly journal—as a matter of fact, the words, printed in the margin, "Published and copyrighted by the *Christian Globe*," would suggest that this was the original intention.

We have obtained a trade estimate of the cost of producing five thousand copies of this "splendid picture," and find that, allowing £5 to the artist—a full fee—the sevenpence which is actually charged would bring to the Company a magnificent profit on the transaction. The cardboard tubes and the postage form the bulk of the cost to them.

After penning the above, we received from a reader a circular sent to him with the "gift picture as advertised." In it "Walter Allingham, for the Globe Fine Art Company," states: "I also venture to send you a beautiful companion picture which I hope you will see your way to retain. You are only required to send a further sum of 9d. in stamps or P.O. for this splendid companion picture." As the main items of expense, packing and postage, have been much more than covered by the 7d. originally forwarded, every additional sale at 9d. yields the Company a further profit of at least 8d. Our surmise as to the original purpose of the "beautiful" and "splendid" pictures is considerably strengthened by the "P.S." to Mr. Allingham's letter: "Have you heard of the *Christian Globe*? It is my paper. It is published every Thursday, price 1d., and I should be glad if you could see your way to get it from your newsagent." A "P.P.S." puffs a small book which Mr. Allingham considers "gives the best account and explanation of the 'Angels at Mons.' The author derives his inspiration from the Bible." Altogether, a strange combination of religion and 'cute business.

## PRINTERS' PIE.

*(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")*

"CHURCH TIMES" (advertisement):—

"Deaths. ——. On the 2nd March, in Va., U.S.A., ——, husband of —— ——. FUTURE ADDRESS: c.o. Mrs. ——, ——, near Reading, Berks.

"DAILY MAIL":—

"The (German) submarine then sank—or at least disappeared—and all of our BOATS went alongside the *Baralong* and then WENT UP HER LADDER TO THE DECK."

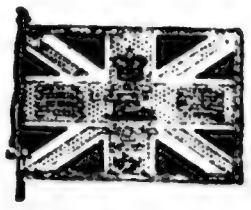
"CHRISTIAN NOVELS":—

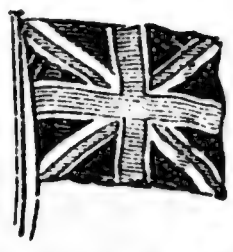
"She could HEAR her companion SHAKING HIS HEAD EMPHATICALLY."

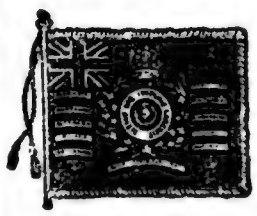
"DAILY MAIL":—

"After suffering great privations the brave ENGLISHWOMEN the majority of whom, by the way, are SCOTCH, arrived at San Giovanni di Medua (north Albanian coast)."

**It's never too soon to do right. See page ii of cover.**







B.D.V. Cigarettes are standard quality —one packet is as good as another. They are well packed with cool-smoking pure Virginia Tobacco from chosen Tobacco estates. If you can spare it drop one into a "Cigarettes for Wounded" collecting box. The soldiers appreciate them above all.

# B.D.V.

*Silk-Picture*

# Cigarettes

## 10 FOR 4D.

Every packet contains a beautiful picture, flag or badge, printed on Silk, exquisitely re-produced in colours, of which a very large and varied selection are now issued. These pic ures can be utilised in all kinds of Fancy Work, and prizes are given each month for the most artistic or originally designed Needlework in which these Pictures are used. £430 was awarded in Cash prizes for the month of November, and altogether over £3,500 has been distributed. Full particulars of the Competition can be obtained on application to Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., London E.

## I will teach YOU to Play the Piano

**Brilliantly without Practice-Drudgery,**

Fatigue or Failure, even though you do not know a note of Music now. I teach more in a few lessons by correspondence than years of ordinary practice will do. Have done so for twelve years with invariable success. Scientific method with commonsense application. Read my book

**"Mind, Muscle, and Keyboard."**

and judge for yourself.

To Mr. H. Becker, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct London.

Please send complimentary copy of your book post free. I am a Beginner, Moderate, Advanced Player. (Cross out words which do not apply to you.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

State if Mr., Mrs. Miss, etc., or use p.c.

# FREE

# DOG LICENCES

**Get particulars from where you buy your Dog Foods—or from**

*The Molassine Co., Ltd. (Dept. P.S.), Greenwich, S.E.*

# "THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

## IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

*The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind: but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.*

*We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.*

A soldier received a communication stating that his wife had gone through an extremely critical period and was dying. He applied for leave to visit her, and his request was acceded to, on the condition that he paid his own fare, although as a matter of fact he would in a few days have been entitled to leave with a free railway pass. This tax upon him emptied the poor chap's pockets, so that when he arrived he found his wife in a dying condition, with a still-born child awaiting burial and no money or cheer in the house. We immediately took the steps which the supporters of our fund would have desired.

Another soldier who is in hospital received news that his only child was dead. It was not insured and the separation allowance received by the man's wife was too small to admit of any saving. In this case, too, we attended to the funeral requirements and gave further help.

Readers will remember our many comments on the ways of the Government when it comes to the question of pay and allowances to our soldiers broken down in health whilst undergoing training to fit them for service in the field. It should be remembered that every man in uniform at the present time is officially regarded —especially when it comes to the question of punishment—as on active service. But when the relatives of the poor fellows who die as a result of disease contracted during training apply for the usual pension, they are met with the stereotyped reply that the men were *not* on active service, and therefore there is no claim to such a grant. This is distinctly unfair, and amounts to a scandalous robbing of the widows and dependents. Paragraph 1245 of the Pay Warrant provides that pensions are granted to the widows of non-commissioned officers and men who have been killed while in the performance of military duty, or have died of wounds or injuries received in the performance of such duty within seven years after the receipt of the wound or injury; or who have died of disease medically certified as contracted or commencing while on active service within seven years of their removal from duty on account of such disease. We are, however, repeatedly called upon to relieve numerous men whose title under the Pay Warrant is ignored—and are glad to do so.

We heartily thank the kind folk who send us parcels of clothing for the benefit of our soldiers' wives, widows, and children. The many enthusiastic letters of thanks from grateful recipients show how keenly these gifts are appreciated.

The wife of a soldier was in receipt of liberal housekeeping money, and was never in want until her husband enlisted. But things are different now, and recently her little boy died. She had already pawned most of her realisable property, including her rings; her other child was ill, and things looked very black indeed until the case was brought to our notice.

A man was sent home from France, broken down in health—and, his physical condition being hopeless, he was discharged from the service. He was returned to his home without money, with the result that he, his wife, and three children were reduced to starvation. A kindly neighbour drew our attention to their plight and we were glad to come to the rescue. In the sweet by-and-by the poor fellow may obtain a small pension from the well-fed and well-paid "Lords and other Commissioners" at Chelsea—when they have been graciously pleased to put their heads together and decide the rate of pension the man may have and when he may have it.

Discharged from the service medically unfit—and illegally, inasmuch as he was refused the regulation suit of civilian clothing and was shown the gate in uniform—another unfortunate victim came to us minus his papers and pay. We sent him to his distant home with money in his pocket.

### WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

H. T. (Grimsby), 1s.; E. S., 1s.; G. P., 1s.; "Nobby," 2s.; H. F., 1s. 2d.; "A British Soldier," 1s. 6d.; R. J. H., 5s.; I. M., 5s.; A. E. W., 1s.; A. B. C. (Brockley), 10s.; G. B. M., 2s. 6d.; "Willie and Cissy," 3s. 6d.; "Captain, Officers and Engineers of s.s. *Melford Hall*" (per G. E. L.), £7; J. H. S. B., £1 1s.; "M.F.A.R.A.A.G.," 5s.; "Bruce," 2s 6d.; "Dennis Mac," 10s.; "Three Maids," £1; "Tikus," £3; L. C. 1s.; M. B. (Chelsea), 5s.; A. S., 1s.; "Umtali," £2; "A Few Signalmen at Willesden Junction," 10s.; "Joey," 5s.; L./Cpl. B., 1s.; S. W., 5s.; "Nil Desperandum," 2s.; "H.M.S. *Sapphire*," 10s.; F. L., 4s. 6d.; "Master, Officers, Engineers and Crew of s.s. *Vernon*" (per W. J. N.), £1; "Ward Room Officers and Ship's Coy., H.M.S. *Swift*" (4th Subscription), £1 14s.; "All British," 2s. 6d.; B. C. W. (Stamford Bridge), 5s.; "Rhoddyr," 2s.; A. W. M., 1s.; "A Few Subscribers," H.M.S. *Seahorse*" (per A. B. N.), 13s.; M. W., 6d.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; "Penitent," 3s.; S. G. (Buenos Aires), 10s.; A. D. (Brighton), 1s.; M. P. H., 10s.; N. M., 1s.; E. A. B., 3s.; W. M., 5s.; M. R. (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; B. F., 6d.; Anon., 1s.; A. J. C., 1s.; "Naval Officer," 2s 6d.; "A Working Man," 2s.; R. L. M., 5s.; N. C. O., 5s.; "Ipswich," 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; D. Q., 10s.; S. B. (Harrogate), 2s.; J. H., £1; W. C., 2s.; W. F. F., 3s. 6d.; "Policeman and His Mate," 3s.; C. P. S., (Royal Arsenal), 5s.; M. S., 6d.; Mrs. C. S., 1s.; G. O. R., 1s.; "A Postman's Xmas Box," 10s.; "Peter's Mother," 2s.; D. M., £1 1s.; Miss G. (Bretton), 5s.; E. C. B., 5s.; "A Pottery Bulletite," 2s. 6d.; Miss K. E. P., 2s.; "Four Drivers" (Argentina), £1; K. P., 1s.; H. M., 5s.; "A Reader," 2s.; "A Soldier's Widow," 5s.; D. L., 1s.; P. F., 2s.; "The Canteen Staff" (No. 1. E.F.C.), 15s.; "A China Coaster," 8s. 4d.; "An Admirer from Crowthorne," 2s. 6d.; D. T. (Wrexham), 6s.; L. H., 2s.; "Baby," 1s.; "Pete," 2s 6d.; S. A. T., 1s.; W. A. B., 1s.; Miss N. C., 2s. 6d.; "In Memory, W. M. D.," 5s.; H. M. (Manchester), 10s.; A. R. E., 3s.; J. S., 6d.; M. H. C., 1s.; "A Middlesbrough Munition Worker," 5s.; H. J. C., 1s.; A. D., 6d.; J. T. D., 1s.; C. J., £1 1s.; A. G., 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "A Reader," 1s.; E. B., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; C. S. (Putney), 1s.; J. F., 1s.; J. T. J., 2s.; Anon., 1s.; E. A. H., 1s.; R. N., 10s.; R. H., 10s.

### COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

PLYMOUTH.—Driver Taylor, 13, Smeaton Terrace, West Hoe, 9s.

LEICESTER.—Mr. T. Fox, "Fish and Quart" Hotel, Churchgate, 2s. 1d.; Mr. W. Bolton, 256, Humberstone Place, 2s. 6d.; Mr. G. Green, "Balmoral Hotel," Melton Road, 3s. 0½d.

LONDON.—Mr. A. J. Clark, 711, Holloway Road, 2s. 8½d.; Mr. A. C. Trout, 3, Highgate Hill, 2s. 8½d.; Mr. E. White, "Clarendon Hotel," Clarendon Road, Holland Park, 2s. 6½d.; Mr. H. Levy, "Artesian Arms," 80, Richmond Road, Bayswater, 2s. 6d.; Mr. E. J. Oliver, "Archduke Charles," Rodney Road, Walworth, 3s. 3d.; Mr. F. E. Crick, The Jiffire Company, 63, Delwood Street, Camberwell, 2s. 7d.; Sister Elsie, Brock War Hospital, Shooters Hill Road, Woolwich, 3s. 0½d.

**Every woman's favourite, Mr. Bottomley in "Everywoman's Weekly."**

# SAVE YOUR TEETH.

## The Awakening of Dentists to the True Art of Dentistry.

### By A. AHUMADA.

"The state of people's teeth is appalling. I doubt if there is a single normal jaw in Great Britain," says Dr. Henry Campbell, in a London contemporary. But Mr. H. Goldberg, of 27, New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, London, goes further and says: "The idea of bad teeth amongst the civilised races, and especially the white races, has grown to be considered a natural heritage of manhood and womanhood, while a complete set of false teeth is looked upon with pride as a beautiful possession, many having really firm, sound teeth extracted that they may enjoy the possession of a complete set."

### A True Exponent of Modern Dentistry.

Mr. Goldberg is recognised to be one of the greatest experts we have to-day in Crown Bar and Bridge work; indeed, it is he who introduced to Londoners many years ago this great and forward movement in modern Dentistry.

By his own ingenious device he completely and successfully does away with "plates," which are not only uncomfortable, unsightly, and cause impediment of speech when worn, but frequently cause death to the wearers by strangulation as the result of accidentally swallowing the plate.

Mr. Goldberg's method of teeth repairing is to save every tooth, even when decayed to the root, and, by his very clever device of building up decayed teeth and linking up one tooth to the other, especially where false ones are necessary, by an invisible bridge at the back of the teeth, has successfully solved a hitherto very difficult problem. This bridge holds every artificial tooth in a "grip of steel," as it were, one that outwears the wearer should he live to the age of Methuselah.

The new system of dentistry which this wizard of the dental chair has introduced is certainly the last word in dental science. It is painless and inexpensive, and especially beneficial to those who value appearances. Perhaps this is one reason why so many of the feminine sex, both of title and stage, are amongst his clientèle.

### Teeth that Rot.

The heading given to this paragraph is perhaps bald—to many a bit repulsive—but, nevertheless, it is a condition in which cent. per cent. of the adult population of the entire United Kingdom will find one or more of their teeth to-day. Examine yours even now. Even though they may appear quite sound to you, the dentist, with his little probe and magnifying mirror, will detect little pinholes in them which give the warning that inside the tooth ravishing devastation is going on, laying up a store of agony for you in the very near future.

But how few of us take notice of this gradual wasting of these precious molars. No, we all put off the ordeal of the dental chair and drill until pain steps in demanding our attention. Some fly to their dentist in an effort to save the tooth, a wise if late precaution, others have it drawn.

Speaking of drawing teeth, I have always thought what great strength must be required to extract a molar. Now I know differently. As Mr. Goldberg explained it, it is skill not brute force that is required. His demonstration was more convincing than explanation, for never have I seen or heard of a tooth leaving a jawbone with less ado, either on the part of the dentist or patient, than I actually experienced in Mr. Goldberg's extracting room. Painless? Why the patient didn't know it. I was the patient.

But teeth extracting is not popular with this dental expert. His mission is to repair them, preserve them, to save them, and make them perfect in every way, and where they have been previously extracted, recklessly and wastefully, supply new ones, with Nature's exactness and perfection, but no "plates." As a parting shot Mr. Goldberg gave me a message to give to my readers: it was simply this: "Save your teeth," and I give it, "Save your teeth."

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**Mr. GOLDBERG'S HOURS are from 10—6, and his 'Phone No. is Mayfair 2,022.** [ADVT.

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*Note from the Advertisement Manager of* JOHN BULL:—"*Mr. Goldberg has been falsely accused of being a German. We have investigated the matter, and the appearance of this announcement in our columns is sufficient contradiction.*"


# Soldiers defy Rain

**The "Matta-Vest" is a sure protection from the chills** which follow the Rainy day. Worn *beneath* the Uniform it is quite unnoticed, yet, though both Tunic and Greatcoat may be soaked through and through, it will keep your body—the vital parts susceptible to dangerous chills—dry and cosy

**ON or OFF IN 15 SECONDS.**

*Fastens quickly with button at neck and two strings at waist; tailor-made from genuine double Khaki "Matta" Fabric: guaranteed absolutely waterproof, practically untearable and wear-proof. Folds compactly to the size of a Cigar Case.*

WEIGHT 8½ OZS. PRICE 12/6.

# Matta-Vest

PATENT APPLIED FOR

**WATERPROOF—WORN *Under* THE UNIFORM.**

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Ideal Milk is *guaranteed* absolutely pure *always*. Open the tin and you find "Ideal" as thick as cream, and you can *use* it as cream in a variety of ways. For all milk purposes—whether for cooking or with tea, coffee, etc.—just dilute with water.

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*A free copy of a beautifully illustrated Booklet—"Two Milkmaids and an Ideal," sent on request.*

**ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO., 6-8, EASTCHEAP, E.C.**

*Contractors to the British Army and Navy*

# TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

## A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

### AN OFFICIAL CORPSE.

We had the strange experience the other day of being visited by a man who is officially a corpse, although he is full of life, despite the fact that he is suffering from wounds. A long time before he was wounded he lost his identification disc on the field. Rendered *hors de combat*, he was sent to a French hospital, and finally forwarded to his home in the North of England. Quite recently the disc was found, and it was presumed that he was dead, no intelligent investigation being apparently made. When the soldier saw his decease officially announced in the newspapers he wrote to the War Office, but got no reply. In order to get matters put right, he paid his fare down to London—but on presenting himself to the authorities he was informed, to his amazement, that he is dead and nothing can be done for him—in fact he could not even recover the amount of his fare! By-and-by, perhaps the War Office will wake up to the fact that the good man and true is still alive. This should be a companion story to that of the Irishman who, after being passed as dead by the doctor on the field, was remonstrated with by his sergeant when he sat up. The private, defying discipline, contradicted his superior officer, but met with the indignant retort, "Do you want to be tellin' me that you know more than the docthor?"

### POOR US!

A short time ago we made some remarks about the huts of the Royal Sussex Regiment at Shoreham. Since then we have been informed that JOHN BULL has been officially barred from the library of the regiment. Just at the time, too, when we were congratulating ourselves upon the enormous rise in our circulation. We are glad of an assurance from the boys, however, that they are doing a bigger trade with the outside newsvendors.

### A COMMONSENSE COLONEL.

There is one sensible C.O. in the service, and he is somewhere in England. A private was brought before him for using language that we did not hear in Sunday-school. The sentence was not the usual 28 days' detention with stoppage of pay; the culprit was given a pencil and paper and ordered to write fifty times the words, "I must not use obscene language." This will remind Brown Secundus of experiences he occasionally had at school. We commend the C.O. for his commonsense.

### ANOTHER STAMP OF C.O.

In one of our Northern hospitals the other day, as the Colonel entered the ante-room his keen nostrils scented tobacco smoke. As a matter of fact, a couple of the men had been indulging in the luxury known as "five singles to Brompton." One of the unfortunate smokers had a pass, which allowed him out daily from two to five to visit his wife, who had come all the way from Scotland to live in the neighbouring village so as to be near him. This pass was cruelly torn up, and now the soldier cannot visit her, nor can she visit him as she is ill in bed. In addition, the men's tobacco supply has been stopped; it amounted to the enormous quantity of one penny packet of cigarettes a week.

### A PERTINENT QUESTION.

According to the Derby Scheme regulations, before a man is called up for final medical examination he is given a fortnight's intimation, in order that he may give notice to his employer and settle his private affairs. Naturally a proportion of the men will be rejected, and in the meantime some of their employers will doubtless have found substitutes—with the result that the patriots will be thrown on the labour market. Why not put the men through their final medical test first, and, if they are fit for enlistment, *then* give them the fortnight's notice?

### A TIME-TABLE GRIEVANCE.

We are aware that very many men return to the camps late, owing to the shortcomings of our railways. These delinquents are invariably punished, and the form it takes usually hits their wives and dependents. Men returning to France after leave a few days ago got to Victoria Station in time to catch the 9.50 a.m. train, which was scheduled to bring them down to the coast. When they arrived they found that the train was not running, and that they would have to remain about the station until after one o'clock. Some of the dead-tired heroes lay asleep here and there, and there was much language in Tommy's newly-acquired broken French and old-time unmistakable English.

### THE LLOYD GEORGE BATON.

We understand that every Musketry Staff-Sergt. who rejoined the colours at the beginning of the war has been granted a commission, with the exception of those who are serving under the School of Musketry authorities. The victims ask us why this should be so, and we can only reply that they should have been born sons of Cabinet Ministers, who apparently have Field Marshals' batons in their cradles and are liable to obtain majorities within a year of their enlistment, whether they have or have not as much military knowledge as a probationer for a commission picked up in three weeks in the old days.

### A GENUINE GRIEVANCE.

Tommy grits his teeth at barrack damages, many of which in our opinion are grossly illegal and should be stopped. If they are to be continued, some commonsense should be exercised in their collection. In London is stationed an N.C.O. whose unit is quartered at Norwich. To his amazement, when he received his pay in London the other day his sheet was marked "barrack damages, 6d." A protest to Norwich elicited the reply that the stoppage was general for the whole of the unit—in other words, a man in London is illegally docked sixpence for a pane of glass that he did not break, or a cup that he did not fracture, in distant Norwich.

### DOING MORE THAN THEIR SHARE.

When the Germans call out their long-beards or their immature boys for service, our papers shout "Hurrah!" and tell us that the end of the war is in sight. But what about ourselves? We are returning men to the front who would not be looked at by a recruiting officer if they offered themselves for first enlistment. We had one with us the other day, marked as fit for the field though he has one eye gone, and a bullet in his jaw prevents him properly opening his mouth or eating solid food. Another chap who is suffering from hernia has been up before six medical boards. Five of them marked him temporarily unfit, but the sixth has passed him for foreign service, notwithstanding the fact that he has not undergone the operation that the first five said would be necessary.

### DEAR DELF.

A few days ago some men in Essex were shifted to other hutments, and a few shillings' worth of delf was broken. The damage was not recovered from the individuals responsible, but each man in the camp was fined fourpence. As they number 250, it will be seen that somebody benefited by the transaction. We wonder if it was the china merchant?

### MISSING.

News is wanted of the following men:—

Pte. S. Wilson, 17114, K.O.R.L. Regt.; Pte. H. Rumsey, 6442, Bedfordshires; Pte. E. J. Pettet, 7854, D Coy., 2nd K.O.Y.L.I.; Pte. W. Seddon, 11342, A Coy., 6th South Lancs.; Pte. V. C. Hooley, 2186, 1/7 Batt. Cheshires; Pte. W. M. Neve, 11801, 9th West Yorks; Pte. P. Chown, 8658, B Coy., 2nd Dorsets; Rifleman E. W. Parsons, 1524, 1/8 Hants Regt.

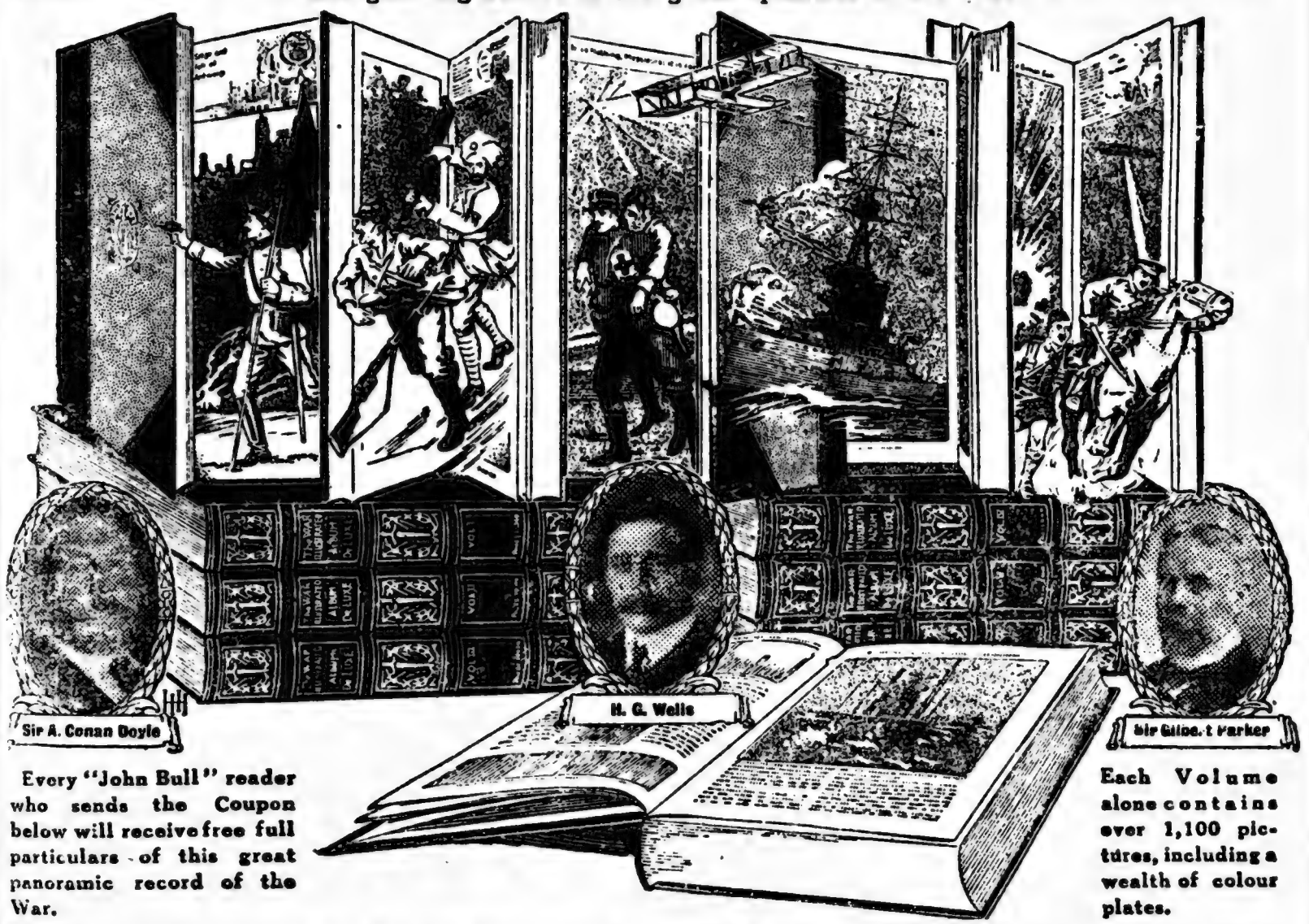
## FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS.

# The Superb Picture Record of the War.

**"The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe."**

Over 3,300 pictures in the first three volumes—including a profusion of beautiful colour plates—exclusive photographs from the fighting lines—maps and diagrams—a concise and thrilling history of the progress of hostilities—and glowing stories of the great episodes of the War.

**"The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe."**

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LOOK at the great names included in its list of authors. Mr. H. G. Wells, England's most brilliant man of letters, describes "Why Britain went to War"; Sir Gilbert Parker, the spokesman of Greater Britain, tells of "The Rally of the Empire"; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the incomparable creator of Sherlock Holmes, explains "How the Boer War prepared us for the Great War"; Mr. A. G. Hales, the brilliant Australian war correspondent, contributes many vivid pen pictures from the battlefields; and other writers of national prominence tell in glowing story the heroisms of the great episodes of the war, that make us proud of our race and of the gallant Allies with whom we claim the kinship of arms. Then the work contains a concise but vivid history of the war, quite free from the technicalities so loved by experts, but making the purpose of the great military movements plain to the non-technical reader.

PICTORIALLY the work is supreme—without peer. Over eleven hundred beautiful pictures in each volume alone—including a great wealth of colour plates, exclusive photographs from the fighting lines, and excellent maps. The arrangement of the sections visualises the progress of arms and the conditions of the fighting in the several zones of conflict, and the whole constitutes a veritable grand panorama of the great war.

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FULL particulars will be sent free and post free to every reader of JOHN BULL filling up the coupon below, and every inquirer will receive free a beautiful full-colour art portrait-plate of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.

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Dear Sirs,—Please send me FREE and post free your booklet describing "The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe," and showing the easy Subscription Terms for the Volumes. Also please send free one of the colour portrait-plates of Admiral Jellicoe.

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## NINETY WORDS A MINUTE IN NINE DAYS!

Surely the most remarkable shorthand feat ever performed was that accomplished at the 1907 Business Exhibition at Olympia, when a novice, having no previous knowledge of any system of shorthand, was selected by the *Daily Mirror* for tuition in Script Shorthand during the nine days of the Exhibition. Publicly tested at an examination held on the closing day by officials of the London Chamber of Commerce, this nine-days' shorthand writer passed tests of 60, 70, 80 and 90 words a minute, failing only at 100 words a minute.

## ONLY THIRTY-ONE RULES.

This wonderful achievement was performed with Script Shorthand, the simplest system in the world. It has 31 rules only, not hundreds, and the complete course consists of only twelve lessons. It is called Script because it is written in the slope of ordinary handwriting, not backwards and forwards in ever-varying directions like the old-style systems.

## SCHOOL BOYS OUST NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

The system is so simple that every school into which it has been introduced regularly sends fully-qualified shorthand writers direct from school to important positions in life. A Walthamstow schoolmaster says:—"I have sent scholars straight from my school into positions as shorthand writers for fifteen years." Mr. William Smith, a Maitland Park Headmaster, writes:—"Script has proved a veritable boon to our scholars in enabling them to secure positions in life. During the years we taught another well-known system but few scholars derived any practical benefit from the study."

The system was so easily mastered by the pupils of the University College School, Gower Street, that on a 15-year-old scholar successfully reporting the speeches of Lord Reay and Sir William Ramsay at the Midsummer meeting, it was decided to give up the custom of engaging professional reporters for that purpose, and to entrust the task to the school's own Script scholars.

## SCHOOL GIRL'S 180 WORDS A MINUTE.

Mabel R. Callister, a 15-year-old schoolgirl of Melbourne, Australia, carried off a Gold Medal and Diploma at the 1912 examinations held by Stott's Business College in that city with a Script speed of 180 words a minute.

A testimonial from The International Correspondence Schools, Kingsway, W.C.: "The Script system has proved itself far ahead of all other methods. It is by far the easiest to learn and by far the most rapid in use."

## HUNDREDS OF SHORTHAND WRITERS WANTED.

The *Daily Mail* recently said:—"A girl who a year ago earned £1 a week at shorthand-typing can now pick and choose at 35s. a week, and a girl with no previous experience can obtain this salary."

If *you* failed to grasp a certain well-known system, like the advertiser and many hundreds of others, send two stamps for a trial Script lesson to R. J. B. DUTTON, Reporter, Skegness.



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## 5/- KNITTED SPORTS COATS for 2/4½

Balance of huge purchase which must be cleared.

*Ideal for Soldiers, Prisoners of War, Munition Workers, &c., &c. The most useful Garment ever invented, will wash without Shrinking.*

We have OVER 25,000 of these garments to clear in order to make room for incoming stock.

Men's GREY KNITTED SPORTS COATS. The Greatest Bargain ever offered.

SAMPLE **2/4½** (Post 6d.) PER DOZ. **27/6** Carriage Free.

All sizes in stock. 36-44in. chest.

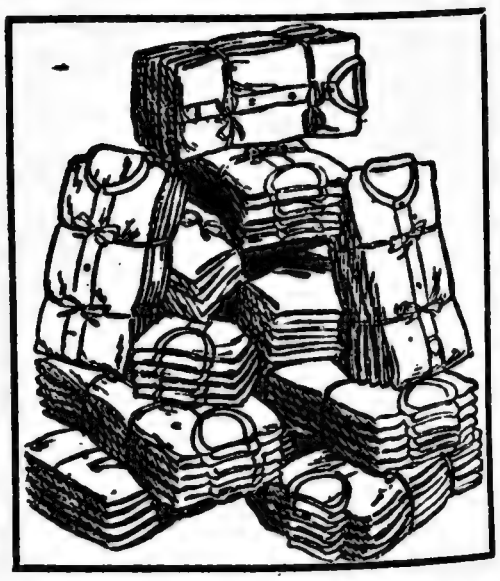
This is the same quality jacket as supplied by other contractors to the Army at 5/- each.

**25,000 REGULATION GREY OR KHAKI FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS**

purchased before the great advance in price.

SAMPLE **3/6** (Post 4d.) PER DOZ. **40/6** Carriage Free.

All sizes. 16in. to 16½in. neck.



*These shirts can be obtained in either medium or heavy weight. When ordering state size of collar worn.*

*Money returned if not satisfied with bargain. Send for Sample.*

# A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.

## IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

### SIR GEORGE REID, M.P.

Mornin', sir. . . . *Shavin'?* Yessir. . . . No, not that chair, fur 'eaven sake, sir! It's got a weak leg, an' I on'y use it fur light weights. Try this, sir—if you can git into it. . . . Oh, it'll bear you orl right. It's got double-stayed, three-ply legs an' cross bars. . . . Manage that orl right, sir? Good. . . . *'Ow'll you git out?* Oh, I'll lend you a 'and, sir. . . . Funny thing, w'en you come to think of it, but there are seats the 'arder it is to git into them the easier it is to git out. An' *vice-versa*. . . . *Wot seats are they?* W'y, seats in the 'Ouse o' Commons, sir. It's pritty 'ard as a rule to git into the 'Ouse, but chew kin git out as easy as kiss me 'and. It corsts 'undreds o' quids an' a sore throat, an' any number o' lyin' promises to git there, but chew kin git out simply by arskin' fur the Chiltern 'Undreds—an office o' profit under the Crown, worth about five bob a year, I fency, but necessitating re-election. . . . *Wot erbout the seats wot are easy to git in but 'ard to git out of?* Well, thet applies to the 'Ouse o' Commons, too, in a way. If you gits into the 'Ouse easy—a walk-over, fur instance—it means you're wanted there as a rule. An' w'en a man feels thet 'e's wanted w'ere 'e is, 'e sometimes finds it an 'ard job to git out of it, even if 'e wants to. Look et Sir George Reid, fur instance, returned *un*opposed larst week fur St. George's, 'Anover Square. 'E 'ad a walk-over. 'E didn't 'ave as much trouble to take 'is seat as wot chew did to git into this chair, sir. An' w'y? Becos 'e was wanted w'ere 'e is. 'E's the right man in the right place. 'Is name's George, for one thing. 'E sits fur St. George's. England's patron saint is St. George an' the Dragon. . . . Eh? Oh, well, without the dragon, then. An' we're ruled—to put it perlitely—by King George the Fiff, Gawd bless 'im! There you git the four Georges. A bloomin' quartet. . . . Eh? *The Four Georges wos disreputable, wos they?* Oh, you're goin' into anshent 'ist'ry now, sir. . . . Oh, yes, I've read a bit o' Thackeray, but give me Dickins. 'E's more warm-blooded. But I wos speakin' erbout Sir George Reid. I ain't never 'ad the pleasure o' meetin' 'im—— Eh, *I 'ave?* No, sir; I'll take my 'Umphrey Davy I ain't. . . . You *know* I *'ave?* Well, sir, if you know more erbout wot I've done then wot I do myself, I s'pose I 'ave. But would you be so kind es to say *w'en* I met 'im? . . . *Met 'im in a light place*, you say? W'ere? . . . *'Ere?* Ah! Now I'm beginnin' ter see light, as the moterist sed w'en 'e'd left London be'ind 'im. You're Sir George Reid 'imself! Proud ter meet chew, sir! I wos as pleased as a pup in a wardrobe w'en I 'eard you wos returned. You're the sort we want in the 'Ouse—wide men with views—I mean, men with wide views. I reckon this is the first step towards Imperial Federation. Good ole Anzac, sir! I s'd like to 'ave a little more tork with you, sir, but—well, if you're in a 'urry—— *Thank* you, sir. . . . . Goo'-day, sir!

## £10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for January 15th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 137,642 and A184,966. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

## RACING NOTES.

### BY "THE SQUIRE."

Windsor was favoured with really good weather, and the meeting was a great success throughout. It was remarkable how the ground had dried up under the influence of the keen wind. The only untoward thing at the meeting was the accident to Irish Mail, who, after falling at the water, was remounted, and then fell heavily at the next obstacle. It shows the folly of taking things too easily, for they were only just "starting" when the horse rose at the water. He took off badly, jumped sideways, and though clearing the fence, got his hind legs into the water and came over. The second fall looked the more serious of the two, and Gore went across the course with a very anxious face.

At Gatwick, on Friday, ABAKUR for the Stewards' Handicap Steeplechase; GRAYLING IV for the Double Handicap Hurdle (Class 2); and COMFORT for the Selling Steeplechase, look the best things. On Saturday, AMBASSADOR must be followed in the Brook Hurdle, whilst for the Double Handicap Hurdle (Class 1), I expect to know something very special a little later. HANNIBAL is the probable winner of the Manor Steeplechase.

The *Special*, published on Thursday, will deal fully with the meeting. Orders as usual to Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, W.C.

Wires for the meeting: One day 5s., or 8s. the two. Orders must be received the day before, and sent to me, c.o. JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

*Owing to pressure upon space, we are compelled to hold over Mr. Corri's Boxing Notes.*

## RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 15.

Three competitors sent coupons showing only two errors, and share the £100 prize, each receiving £33 6s. 8d.:

S. VERVAIN, 2, Clarendon Cottages, Drayton Lane, Drayton, near Cosham, Hants.

T. FRANCIS, 190, Queen's Road, Walthamstow.

JAMES HUGHES, 3, Blaenau Lodge, Savon, Llandeble, Carmarthenshire.

## WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

M. CHARLTON, 148, Radsley Avenue, Gateshead. January 1st. 274,030.
J. PICKUP, 7, Cowpe House, Waterfoot, Lancs. January 1st. 739,214.
F. C. STEPHINSON, 32, Zetland Street, Sunderland. January 1st 305,942.
W. E. CRAGO, 126, Orchard Road, Southsea. January 1st. 486,492.
E. SUMPTER, 23, Dean Street, Brighton. January 1st. A287,542

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 15th:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 006192 | 227041 | 527477 | 771708 | A123034 |
| 014729 | 259173 | 575300 | 803690 | A170475 |
| 037673 | 310731 | 587972 | 807908 | A199702 |
| 046106 | 332923 | 594831 | 836947 | A205273 |
| 069917 | 337955 | 609740 | 909436 | A257809 |
| 104425 | 398745 | 649346 | 951118 | A283694 |
| 127920 | 410723 | 687972 | 973259 | A291818 |
| 176139 | 461035 | 692909 | A000650 | A344066 |
| 189110 | 493738 | 703536 | A025284 | A366213 |
| 208789 | 507480 | 721648 | A078388 | A384681 |

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published January 26th).

**HAD YOURS YET?**

**If not, don't delay.**

**Cut out the Coupon opposite.**

**"JOHN BULL" PEN.**

**JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.**

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **January 22nd, 1916.**

*N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib*

# "John Bull's" Letter Bag.

*[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]*

*NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*

*AUTHORS and* ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

T. T. (Thirsk).—So, in your dour, Scotch way, you think we are inconsistent in asking for "youth and brains" in our generals in the field, and at the same time pressing for Jack Fisher's return to the Admiralty. And you repeat the charge because, whilst confessing we are "no theologian," we yet see the necessity for a "New Religion." Have you never heard of the wise man's saying that "God made religion, and the Devil made theology"? Endeavour to read us with more understanding in future, and with a less violently prejudiced mind.

A. O. D. (U. Tooting).—"*Re* your heading 'The World, the Flesh, and the Kaiser,' is not this hard on the Devil?" The Devil alone knows.

"FRED" (Nottingham).—We think it highly probable that Mr. Tea Leaf Jones had a finger in the pot brewed for the long-suffering public by the Liquor Control Board. Such an orgy of teetotal fanaticism would have an irresistible attraction for him.

"AN ENGLISHMAN."—We cannot say whether any of the peace cranks have money invested in Germany, but we hope so.

"CONSTANT READER" (London).—Nor do *we* "see why there should be so many able-bodied young men employed in munitions works." Much of the trouble is official favouritism.

"A BULL" (London), in suggesting of Lord Haldane that "this d—— old villain wants hanging by the neck," should remember that his Lordship avoids taking a drop too much.

"BUSINESS GOVERNMENT" (Queen's Park) hears that the Government have released a lot of Germhun bakers from internment in order to bake bread for the inhabitants of Loudon. Hope they won't put any poison in the dough.

MRS. A. (Bromsgrove) writes: "Would it surprise you to know that two collections for interned Germhuns have been made in a Quakers' Mission Hall in a village 10 miles from Birmingham?" Nothing that can happen in this world will ever surprise us.

PTE. G. R. F. (B.E.F.) sends us a little motto stuck on a Christmas parcel, dispatched to him, bearing the legend, "The Maple Leaf for Ever." On the other side are the words "Printed in Germany."

"M. S. OFFICER" (At Sea).—Merchant seamen engaged in State service ought to have a war badge if they want one.

L. M. H. (Southsea).—Much regret it is impossible to say whether the "cheap trading store" to which you refer is "genuinely British," as the police will not permit the inspection of the Register of Alien Enemies—which is the only practicable way of ascertaining the nationality of private individuals. Owing to this supineness, the Hun is still enabled to steal British trade.

D. W. S. (Brixton) is verra sair because, by a slip, we referred in a recent article to the "Prime Minister of England." He ought to know that if newspapers are largely using the term "Britain" now it is due to our example.

F. C. L. (Lumstead).—"I and a friend have been arguing about Zepps; he says they cost £1,000,000, and I say about £250,000." And the funny thing is that neither of you knows, and we have no private information either.

H. A. D. (Newbury).—"Peace with the New Year. A.D. 1916, the letters and figures of which form '*Pax*.'" Do they really? If you believe it, you will believe anything.

"MECKLENBURG" (A.S.C.) says, "You should be able to find something different to Berlin Road, Catford, before Christmas, 1916." Why? By that time all British roads may lead to Berlin.

R. R. W. (Elgin) asks us to advocate the revival of the Cromwellian precedent and to urge his Majesty and Lord Kitchener to proceed to the House of Commons, remove the Mace, and order the members home until after the termination of the war. Would he propose to continue their salaries in the meantime?

"ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN."—Carts in London streets displaying the names of "enemy mineral waters," and also bearing the War Office recruiting posters, supply in disgraceful contrast a specimen of this country's shameful tolerance towards a brutal and brutish foe.

J. R. (Methven).—The sooner the impression that the legal profession are exempt from military service, as being indispensable for the welfare of the nation—which you say is prevalent in your district—is removed, the better. Ye gods! Lawyers "indispensable to the welfare of the Nation"! They, mainly, are responsible for its present plight.

R. A. (Upper Holloway, N.) thinks "the Kaiser has had his heel on England since the war begun." In a sense, perhaps. But that bit of banana skin will begin to operate shortly.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (West Bergholt).—The married man who was heard to say he would not enlist and "be fool enough to keep a woman in ease and luxury" while he endured the hardships, is not worthy of a decent woman's society. Many married men are justified in standing back, but not for that contemptible reason.

"SAM" (Glasgow) wants to know what he has to fight for. The same as what his forefathers fought for and won *for him*.

J. W. W. (Liverpool).—You appear to have an exalted opinion of your judgment of military talent. Tell us, then, by whom you would replace Kitchener.

"HORSE-POWER" (Glasgow).—Yes, we lent Belgium a sum of money shortly after the outbreak of the war. Germany subsequently levied blackmail on several Belgian towns and cities.

"A GORDON" (Ripon) tells us that an "Anti-soldier League" has been formed amongst the ladies of Ripon. They must be the "perfect ladies." No decent-minded *woman* would have anything to do with such an association.

A. E. H. (Stockport) says: "The King sits on his Throne, but Parliament *sits on the people*." In which case it is up to the people to change over and sit on the Parliament.

E. B. (West Dulwich, S.E.).—What we have to do is to devote all our energies to winning this war, and not waste time and needlessly depress our spirits by "looking to ourselves," as you put it, and "seriously considering verse 12—4th Chap. of the Shepherd Prophet Amos."

J. A.—Where you go wrong is in comparing the loving and trustful mother of a "war baby" with the Magdalen. The latter was told to "go and *sin* no more," we admit; but, as we read it, her offences had been many and wanton: whereas the poor girl we referred to in our recent poem, "Who Casteth?" had simply loved her soldier sweetheart "not wisely, but too well."

"ROMAN CATHOLIC."—The Pope, of course, possesses considerable temporal influence, and we maintain that his failure to rebuke the German nation in the strongest possible terms for its atrocious deeds is a blot upon papal prestige.

J. A. S. (Pittsburgh, U.S.A.).—Don't let the snarling German-Americans worry. They know in their hearts that we've got Germany beat to a frazzle, and this knowledge, like that of the wild cat, makes them mad.

G. H. (Burton-on-Trent).—Are we to understand that you still stand by your protest of four years ago against our "bellowing against Germany," as you described our serious warnings? You see, we *knew*, and you didn't.

V. T. (Onslow Square, S.W.).—"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is—a Government official. God help him!" No need. He'll help himself.

E. W. H. W. (Bethlehem, O.F.S.).—Because we have the profoundest reverence for the glorious memory of Nurse Cavell we cannot agree that it would do her greater honour henceforward to spell "Cavalier" in the manner you suggest, viz., "Cavellier." The word is not strictly English, and rather suggests a roystering trooper than a gentle and unselfish nurse.

F. D. (Luton).—Do not you consider that the British-born have something besides their birthright of so-called freedom? Aren't they born also with duties and responsibilities?

**My pen is the best pen. It is a "John Bull" Pen.**

F. M. (Portland Place).—We have several times warned readers against Graham, of the Cinema School of Acting, Kennington Road. Before his present stunt he was refused an Employment Agency licence by the L.C.C.

E. C. (Berkhampstead).—The Rev. B. Moffat, of Lea Hurst, Frances Road, Bournemouth, is an insatiable begging-letter writer.

H. D. N. (Sydenham).—If you hide your talents in a napkin, all we can say is that we have shaken the napkin at all corners and can find nothing in it.

"SAINT PHEASANT."—"I enclose my card." Do not tell whoppers.

W. K. (Forest Hill).—Good; but we cannot advertise every patriotic hairdresser in the land. In that case the Ad. Manager would comb our hair for us.

A. E. L. (Sydenham).—"A Germhun and his wife are carrying on a tobacconist business in U. Norwood; neither can speak English properly. They say they have a son in Woolwich Arsenal." The facts alleged are not within our knowledge.

A. J. (Sheffield) writes: "I offer you the copyright of my document, 'The Messiah,' for £5,000." We will sell him cartloads of documents for less than that.

W. F. J. D. (Exeter).—"To settle an argument, can you tell me if it is possible for a soldier to be captured without voluntary or compulsory surrendering?" It is. He may be captured dead.

H. J. P. (Birmingham).—M.P. salaries of £400 per year are subject to income tax.

Mrs. B. (Wood Green).—Very many shillings would not cover such an advt. in our columns. Perhaps, however, some of our readers who "could find you a position of trust where you could have the care of your two young children" may accept this as an opportunity to communicate with you.

"MULTUM IN PARVO" (Plymouth).—"Tale told in Commercial Room in King Edward's reign." Nothing newer?

G. A. S. (Crook).—Consider the absurdity of two men arguing on a point about which neither of them admittedly knows anything. We are too busy to look up the statistics to settle your discussion.

AZIZ UD DIN (Wounded Indian Soldier) (no address).—You certainly "write English language good" for one who has been studying only seven months. Continue, and you will write better.

"MOGHAL" (Delhi).—What with the Viceroy's German chief musician, German governess, and German cook, the Viceregal household must have quite a Potsdam atmosphere. Phew!

C. R. (Twetshall).—Do you dip a tommy-long-legs in an inkwell and leave him to crawl out and write your letters for you? Your "fist" gives us eye-ache.

J. C. R. (Cork).—Resist the blandishments of the "National Institute of Sciences," 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E. The only science the "Institute" (Elmer E. Knowles) is expert in is that of extracting money from "mugs."

J. P. O'C. (Milltown).—How can we say whether 'Dentistry is secure as regards money"? It would depend upon your ability to secure patients.

R. G. (Brynmawr).—We have no account of the case and are therefore unable to comment on the alleged facts.

"LOVER OF JUSTICE" (Harrogate), writing in defence of Taverner's so-called Middle Age Pension Society, alleges that our comments are due to the fact that we tried to secure some advts. from an hon. member of the Council and failed to get them. He is a liar.

"WEST INDIAMAN" (no address).—Your anonymity is against our rules. Thanks, however, for your 2s. 6d., added to our War Sufferers' Fund.

J. H. M. (Longton).—We note that Hansen and Gibb, of Nottingham, are still lying about those three bales of brown paper.

MRS. McD. (Luton), who keeps a theatrical boarding house, complains that she is always missing articles from her rooms. She should either chain them up or tell a policeman.

MESSRS. I. AND CO. (London, E.C.).—Thanks for the seven Surgical Aid Society letters, which we have had great pleasure in forwarding to the poor girl to whose sad case we recently referred. One or two other correspondents have sent us single letters, which we are distributing amongst deserving cases, the need of "D. R." being now supplied.

"PREFERENCE" (Bournemouth) and G. W. M. (Witton).—We shall be happy to answer your inquiry when you conform to our rules by sending your full name and address—not necessarily for publication.

PRIVATE A. L. L. (Norwich).—If two "Bullets" sufficiently meritorious are submitted on the same coupon, they will both secure prizes. Many competitors have already achieved this distinction.

D. Q. (Canadian Expeditionary Force).—Thanks for the 10s. for our War Sufferers' Fund. We have forwarded your letter to Mr. Hales, as of course we cannot say if you met him at either Yaldyarimiah, Bundiayalong, Pittchirrecannahnahroo or Yanglicoorahrahkangahweeindri. Are you quite sure it wasn't Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandyssiliogogogoch, in Wales? We suppose you are not morramborizeverzengirizequoquemorgasacbaqueveznemaffretiding our poor leg?

F. H. (Manchester).—No, Mr. Bottomley is not writing for the journal you mention. His only contributions to a woman's paper are his "Straight from the Shoulder" series in *Everywoman's Weekly*. We quite agree with you, however, that you can't have too much of a good thing.

B. (Westcliff).—Regarding our paragraph about "A Southend Sub.," you ask us to state that all chief patrols did not subscribe 2s. each towards the Hawtin Testimonial. And we note you think the ill-timed scheme has fizzled out.

"WOULD-BE OPTIMIST."—A lady, desiring to qualify as nurse, paid £6 for uniform, etc., completed her probationary month, and is now told to wait till called up, while £10 must be found for additional outfit. And we understand her P.O. salary has ceased. These rules should have been explained when she enrolled; to leave her in the lurch is cruel.

"VET."—People *will* be beguiled by animal medicines, and we suppose farmers and others *will* treat live stock with them, though you say the result is that many valuable animals are done to death. The newspaper "vets." who advise on treatment without seeing the suffering animals are also correctly blamed by you.

"RIFLEMAN."—So the boys in Sheffield, admiring the tone of a man who sells us outside the Hippodrome, have taken up his shout of "JOHN BULL!" as a "sort of war cry." Couldn't have a better one.

"ALPHA" (Bedale).—Yours is only one of the many complaints we have recently received concerning the unsatisfactory business methods of the Incandescent Fire Mantle Syndicate. To call their goods (when forthcoming) "permanent coal" is to insult the intelligence of their customers.

K. (Glasgow).—You really must moderate your language about Scotland. To call it "the land of parritch and bandy legs" is simply asking for trouble from some stern, wild Caledonian.

A. W. P. (Chelsea).—"Would a Cabinet Minister be allowed to carry on any other business or profession, such as journalism?" Certainly, provided it did not interfere with fulfilment of his duties to the State. Why not?

J. W. L. (Ripon).—We have glanced at your "attempt at a Cartoon without any India Rubber," and regret your lack of the last-named commodity more than we can say.

"SAPPER" (B.E.F., France).—The official daily newspaper of England is not the *Daily News* (heaven forbid!), but the *London Gazette*.

"READER" (Thornton).—The *Dresden* was sunk near Juan Fernandez Island. Your friend is confusing this with the action of November 1st, 1914, off the Coast of Chili, when Admiral Cradock met with defeat. You should consult JOHN BULL'S "History of the War."

J. R. (Hove).—Your appreciated contribution to our Xmas Poor Fund was acknowledged in our last issue. Cabinet Ministers, M.P.s and Prelates all pay income tax—and rightly so.

"DARRELL."—Do we "think a girl of twenty too young to be married"? We can lay down no rule. We should have to see the girl—and the man.

G. P. (Westgate-on-Sea).—We do not doubt that your verses came "straight from the heart," but their feet have got a bit bent in the process.

J. H. (Redhill).—To enforce economy you would have Parliament enact a measure "to halve all pay, salaries and pensions of over £200 a year—Civil, Military and Naval, from the Crown and the Royal Family downwards to the Tommy of 1s. per day." How long is it since 1s. per day amounted to more than £200 a year?

H. R. M. (Huddersfield) complains bitterly of the "most obnoxious, foul, undescribable stench" which pervades the air in the neighbourhood of Hillhouse Lane and Leeds Road. There must be Boches about.

E. R. N. (Rochester).—The shelling of the Dardanelles was, unfortunately, not quite so successful as your little girl describes it in her verses. Even a child of 14 should not be allowed too much poetic licence.

"READER" (Bristol) will be obliged if anybody will write him "the song which starts 'You're going to leave old home, Jim, My lad, you're going away.'" Why does "Reader" want to annoy his neighbours?

*(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)*

**The road to fortune. See our Football Competition.**

## CONCOCTED CONVERSATIONS.

### "SOME" QUAKERS.

**Mr. C. P. TREVELYAN:** It is no use blinking matters, Morel. I don't like the look of things at all.

**Mr. MOREL (DEVILLE):** Pooh! Keep your pecker up!

**Mr. TREVELYAN:** That's all very well; but can it be denied that a very ugly spirit is manifesting itself amongst the people? The bulk of them seem positively *determined* to win this war! 'Sawful!

**Mr. MOREL:** Leave it to me. *I'm* working. *I'm* organising. I'm having anti-conscription pamphlets slipped into letter-boxes at dead of night all over London. They *must* have some effect.

**Mr. PONSONBY:** Let us hope so, brothers. Let us pray.

**Mr. W. C. ANDERSON:** There's no time for that just now, Pon. Besides, there's nobody to see us if we do. What I'm concerned about is to know what to do about the continual breaking up of our meetings.

**Mr. MOREL:** Yes, that experience of Roden Buxton's at the Friends' Meeting House, Bishopsgate, last week was rather rotten. The worst of it is, it was fully reported in the papers. If anything, it was rather worse than the Memorial Hall affair. Cannot something be done about this fellow Glover?

**Mr. PONSONBY:** I was at a cinema the other night, and——

**Mr. TREVELYAN:** *What?*

**Mr. PONSONBY:** Oh, it's all right. Strictly incog., you know. And I saw a chap on the screen beautifully sand-bagged. It doesn't really hurt, I understand, but merely stuns. If, at the next peace meeting we could only——

**Mr. MOREL:** 'Sh! You must not forget we are against the use of physical force.

**Mr. PONSONBY:** Yes, I know. But if we could get a stranger to——

**Mr. TREVELYAN:** Don't talk like a fool, Ponsonby.

**Mr. PONSONBY:** That's *your* opinion. But all the same, I object to being called a fool. A fool, indeed! Very well, let this Glover continue to smash up our meetings, and perhaps some day you will remember my words—and apologise.

**Mr. TREVELYAN:** *Apologise?* Me?—er, I mean, I? You could call *me* the fool if I did that. Apologise!

**Mr. ANDERSON:** Here, I say, don't turn the room into a Ford's Ark. Stick to the subject. To tell you the truth, I think we are up against it. I've had some experience, you know, and I fancy I can gauge the temper of the people. Notwithstanding all our efforts, the war spirit is rising higher and higher every day, and as soon as ever Conscription becomes a reality, our position will not be altogether a cheerful one. Indeed, I question very much whether some of us will be quite safe in England.

**Mr. PONSONBY:** Wha—what? Y—you think n-not? Brothers, let us pray!

**Mr. ANDERSON:** Don't be such a damned ass, Ponsonby. Instead of wasting time playing the acrobat, you would be wiser if you set about securing your passport, in *case* of need. I *know* the temper of the people is growing ugly. You see there are very few families who have not some idiot in khaki belonging to them; and they are beginning to feel resentful at our trying to prevent others from joining up to lend them a hand.

**Mr. PONSONBY:** Pa—passport? Did you say passport? D—do you think it will be—be necessary?

**Mr. MOREL:** Well, I'm seeing after *mine*, at any rate.

**Mr. TREVELYAN:** I think I shall be safe on account of my connections.

**Mr. MOREL:** You *have* that advantage. I'm differently placed. My associations with Sir Roger Casement would increase my difficulties. Hi—where are you off to, Ponsonby?

**Mr. PONSONBY:** T—to s—see about m—my p—p—pa—passport.


# Our New £1,000 Football Competition

**£1,000** For an All-Correct Coupon.

**£250** If One Error . . . . . .

**£100** MUST be won EVERY WEEK .

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, January 29th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Blackpool will beat Stockport you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Stockport will beat Blackpool then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

## £250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

## £100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

**O.H.M.S.** Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

**RULES.** (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, January 28. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's Weekly*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished, only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Fill them.

### SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

| HOME | AWAY | DRAW | HOME TEAM. | | AWAY TEAM |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | Blackpool | v. | Stockport C. |
| | | | Bolton W. | v. | Manchester C. |
| | | | Manchester U. | v. | Liverpool |
| | | | Oldham A. | v | Burnley |
| | | | Rochdale | v. | Bury |
| | | | Barnsley | v. | Notts Forest |
| | | | Bradford C. | v. | Bradford |
| | | | Grimsby T. | v. | Derby County |
| | | | Huddersfield | v. | Sheffield W. |
| | | | Sheffield U. | v. | Leeds C. |
| | | | Croydon C. | v. | Crystal P. |
| | | | The Arsenal | v. | Fulham |
| | | | Millwall | v. | Reading |
| | | | Luton | v. | Watford |
| | | | Dundee | v. | Clyde |
| | | | Falkirk | v. | St. Mirren |
| | | | Motherwell | v. | Rangers |
| | | | Third Lanark | v | Aberdeen |

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

**PIN** a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

**No. 18** Closing date, Friday, January 28th.

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*for* **SOLDIERS, SAILORS & CIVILIANS**

A genuine, durable, and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

**UNION JACK** and **KHAKI** styles, as well as many other attractive designs.

*Sold everywhere, 6½d. each.*

Ask for
**EXCELDA**
Soft Collars and Fronts.

*BE SURE you get* **EXCELDA**
*See name on each Handkerchief*

## Make your Wrist Watch break-proof!

Every Wrist-Watch wearer—soldier or sportsman—needs the **Army Protector** which converts *any* Wrist Watch into a miniature hunter—guarding the glass and case from breakage, protecting the wearer from the danger of splinters, and preventing dangerous reflections from the glass.

**The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR** **Gives absolute protection to any Wrist Watch.**

Well made in various styles and sizes to fit any wrist watch. Opens with a single movement, and closes automatically—unobtrusive, and light in weight. Enables the watch to be worn even when the glass is broken.

SEND ONE TO YOUR FRIEND AT THE FRONT.

**Nickel and Khaki Finish - - - 1/6**
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**Solid Silver from 6/6. Also in Solid Gold.**

*Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.*

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**Waltham Buildings, 29, Church Street, LIVERPOOL.**

# Blood and Skin Diseases Cured

## HARMLESS MEDICAL DISCOVERY CURES HUNDREDS of SUFFERERS.

## Confidential Advice—FREE

BLOOD DISEASES—hitherto thought practically incurable—are being cured at last.

This is the message which brings new hope to all who are suffering from poisoned blood and other disorders, whether acquired or inherited.

A wonderful discovery has been made which completely cures these ailments without the use of poisonous ingredients or dangerous metallic substances.

It is impossible to explain here exactly how this treatment brings about its marvellous cures.

But in writing to the address below you will be sent—under plain cover, free from observation—a book fully describing these complaints and their cure.

This book will be sent you gratis and post free, together with a chart, which, if you fill it up, entitles you to free confidential advice.

Remember, this is a perfectly harmless remedy which cures the most terrible troubles, whatever the name or nature of the disease.

Amongst the blood disorders completely cured by this treatment are:—

**Eczema, Anæmia, Ulcers, Locomotor Ataxy, Scrofula, Sores, Eruptions, Poisoned Blood, Psoriasis, Lupus, Bad Legs,**

and other disorders, whether acquired or inherited.

**Cured of Eczema.**

*Dear Sir,* *April 7, 1915.*

*I have pleasure in sending you my photo for you to make what use you think fit. Again thanking you for the benefits derived from Domigo. Wishing Domigo every success.*

*Yours faithfully, M. W.*

**The book describing this wonderful treatment will be sent free to everyone who applies for it to-day, on the Coupon printed below.**

## CLEANSES AND PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

The secret of this wonderful treatment comes from Central Africa. It is prepared from a certain root the virtues of which have been known to the natives for centuries.

Just as the natives of Central Africa possess the secret of preparing from a certain plant a remedy for the poison of a snake bite, so they have possessed the secret of preparing from another root a remedy for still more deadly poisons which sometimes enter the blood and cause distressing disease. This secret remedy is now obtainable by the thousands of sufferers from poisoned blood in this country. Whenever it has been tried it has brought about the most amazing cures in a very short period. It expels the disease poisons from the circulation and makes the blood pure and full of life, vitality, and health.

## FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATISE.

It is wonderful news for sufferers that the benefits of this remedy can now be obtained by them.

Write to-day for a copy of the medical treatise, describing the treatment. It will be sent you, *free from observation*, together with a Diagnosis Chart. On filling up the latter, stating the nature of your complaint, symptoms, etc., you will be sent—without any fee being charged—confidential advice on your case, and you will be shown how the Domigo Treatment will restore you to perfect Health and Strength. All communications are treated in the strictest confidence. Write to-day for this free book to

**THE DOMIGO CO. (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.**

## FILL UP THIS COUPON OR SEND POSTCARD TO-DAY.

**THE DOMIGO CO. (Dept. J.B.),**
**168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.**

Please send to the undersigned a free copy of the medical treatise on the cure of Blood Poisons and Diseases, containing a full explanation of the Domigo Treatment. Please send also a Diagnosis Chart for free confidential advice.

NAME .....

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# A SOLDIER'S ASTHMA

## Veno's Cured him so thoroughly that he passed all Medical tests.

Here is proof clear and convincing of the priceless value of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure to all who suffer from Asthma. Mr. Swift, of 14, Victoria Cottages, Kew Gardens, Surrey, had suffered for twelve years from asthma in such an acute form that there seemed no hope of his ever getting rid of it, yet Veno's cured him so completely, made him so thoroughly sound and well, that he easily passed the medical tests of the recruiting-office and is now a soldier of the King.

*Private Swift.*

Private Swift is "somewhere in France," but his wife tells the story thus. She says:—"My husband used to suffer dreadfully with baker's asthma, and now to see him looking so well—I can't tell you how pleased I am. He had suffered for years, twelve or more, and never could find relief from ordinary treatment, though he had been under doctors and had even attended ——— hospital. It used to make my heart ache to see him sometimes, bent nearly double and just gasping for breath. Poultices were the only thing that gave him any relief at all when these bad turns were on. But Veno's cured him about two years ago, cured him so thoroughly that he was able last December to join His Majesty's Army, and has since been passed by the doctor for active service.

"I would have testified sooner about this truly wonderful cure, but waited to see how camp life would affect my husband. He is just a picture of health, although he has the same work (baking) to do in the Army that he had before he joined. I really don't know how to praise Veno's enough, and I never miss an opportunity of telling sufferers about it."

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL, PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

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*Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for*

COUGHS AND COLDS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, LUNG TROUBLES, CHILDREN'S COUGHS, ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, BAD BREATHING.

**11½d.** a bottle.

*Larger Sizes 1/3 and 3/- The 3/- Size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India*

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# Fight the Germs

that **poison** and **impoverish** the **blood** and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

## VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the **cause.** It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail. Ask your chemist for it or send postcard for

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WITH **Vitadatio** THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

Madame SARAH BERNHARDT "Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Chest, Throat, and Voice, and recommends her friends to use them"

PROCTOR'S **PINELYPTUS** PASTILLES

BRONCHO-LARYNGEAL

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**BEACON OILSKINS** Keep you dry always. Men's 5/6, Children's 7/6, Sou'-westers, 1/6, Long Leggings, 2/9. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. Illustrated List Post Free. Send Post-card now for this Art booklet of "Weather Comfort," to BARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

**REMNANTS** Make money quickly by selling my Remnants of Prints, Flannelettes, Towels, Small wares Hosiery, Overalls, Blouses, &c. My 10/- and 15/- Blouse length parcels sell quickly at big profits. Price List and advice free.

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We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money. When replying to advertisements, be careful to write your name and address clearly.

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Based on greatly improved scientific and analogical principles, the

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saves a year's study and holds the World's Parliamentary Reporting Speed Record. Illustrated Handbook with lesson and specimens sent free from Sloan-Duployan Headquarters, Dept 32 Ramsgate.

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## Makes Pearly Teeth.

OUR teeth are still sound, and what a blessing at our age. A "ZEPTO" Pencil used periodically after we have cleansed our teeth in the usual way removes the tartar that the tooth-brush never reaches. It prevents decay and consequent unpleasant breath. You will be delighted to see how pearly white "ZEPTO" can keep your teeth.

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***should be used by everybody.***

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# You can Play the Piano To-day

**No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it to-day.**

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IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only eight, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever

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"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once—Hymns, Dance-music, Songs, Classics, anything.

**Over 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly.**

**If they can do it, so can you.**

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods owing to the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of the drudgery, let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid and perfect Naunton's National Music System, which is a real educator. That word "educator" means "to lead out" or "to draw out." It does *not* mean "to cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive five tunes which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you, and give you many years of purest pleasure.

## READ WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY.

**This from a pupil who has taken nine lessons out of the fifty which comprise the whole System:** "I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

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**The Originals of the above and thousands of similar testimonials can be seen at our London Offices at any time.**

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.** J.B.

TO THE MANAGER, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, LTD., MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Being a reader of JOHN BULL, and desiring to test your system, I send herewith Postal Order for **One Shilling**, in return for which please send me your "**Special No. 1,**" published at **2s.**, containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician by your course of instruction.

**NOTE:—Please fill in Postal Order, payable to Naunton's National Music System, Ltd.**

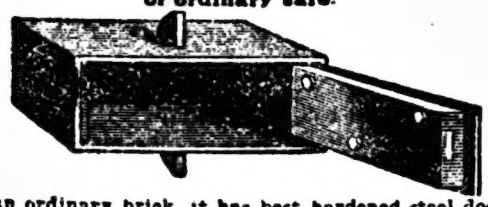
NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

DATE..... .....

## KEEP YOUR MONEY SAFE

**Your Notes, Cash, War Vouchers, Jewellery, and other Valuables, In a BRICK SAFE let into your Wall, where it cannot be detected. Far safer than a till, box, stocking or ordinary safe.**



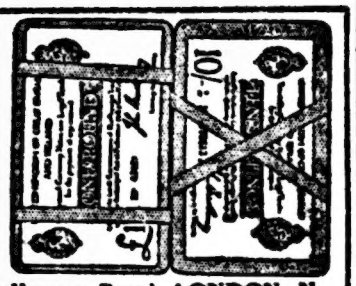
The size of an ordinary brick, it has best hardened steel door with good six lever lock (no two locks alike), and has secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Can be let into any wall in any hidden position (as behind door, picture, furniture, etc.), giving absolute security. Quite easy to fit it in yourself, or a bricklayer will do it in an hour. The ideal Safe for Homes, Hotels, Apartment Houses, Shops, etc. Made in two sizes—9 inches wide **25s.**, 13 inches wide **30s.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent carriage paid on receipt of cash. Owing to irregularity of bricks, lugs, only supplied when specially ordered. Special Cement for fixing one safe **1s.** extra. Order to-day before you suffer loss, or send for list with full particulars and name of nearest Agent to Sole Makers,

**BRICK SAFE CO., MORVILLE ST., LADYWOOD, BIRMINGHAM**

Every reader of "John Bull" should have

## The "REVERSIBLE" Treasury Note Case

**(Prov. Patent 5022).**



**The best means of carrying £1 and 10/- Notes. Made in real Leather, with initials in gold, 2s. 8d. post free.**

**A Most Useful Present,**

**Send P.O. to actual Manufacturers—**

**D. HARPER & CO., Ltd., 258 262, Holloway Road, LONDON, N.**

## Steel Boot Boo[illegible]

**Saves[illegible] You[illegible]**

**1 Pair outlasts 3 to 6 Pairs All-Leathers.** **FREE BOOK**

The comfort, economy, and durability of Steel Boots is amazing. Thousands throwing away leather-soled boots, clogs, etc. Steel Boots keep feet dry. No colds, sore throats, rheumatism. Saving in doctor's bills more than pays for them. They fit fine and feel easy—so light and comfortable—no Corns, Bunions or Soreness

**SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. TRY-ON.**

Send for my free book, "THE SOLE OF STEEL," and learn how to save £1 to £3 on your Boot and Repair Bill.

**H. M. RUTHSTEIN, 110M, Steelerics, Northampton**

# 5,000 "BULLETS" PRIZES.

**EVERY WEEK 5,000 "BULLETS" PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000 ARE AWARDED.**
**HAVE YOU HAD YOURS YET?**

| 2ND PRIZE £25 | FIRST PRIZE £250 | 2ND PRIZE £25 |
|---|---|---|

| 10 PRIZES OF £5 | 10 PRIZES OF £2:10 | 100 PRIZES OF 5/- | 1000 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES | 2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|

## OVER £1,000 in PRIZES to be WON This WEEK.

☛ **Please note that Competitors can now make use of two extra coupons, which are to be found on the page opposite.**

No. Closing date, Thursday, January 27th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(173) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

_____

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 173," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, January 27th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(173) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

_____

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

### SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition, **No. 174.** These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before **THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3rd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **174** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 174, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

**Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 174.**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE KAISER'S FAILING | ARTIST'S MODEL | A GOOD DRINK | NO JOKE |
| CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR | CATCHING IT HOT | PLEASES EVERYBODY | A RAPID RISE |
| RED CROSS NURSE | PROHIBITED AREA | MAKES MOTHER TALK | LATE HUSBAND |
| REPAIRING HOME | WO MAN WHO KNOWS | SOON FORGOTTEN | M VING DAY |
| FROM BAD TO WORSE | NOT ELIGIBLE | GOING TO SMASH | BAD MARK |

Soldiers and Sailors desiring to send extra "Bullets" may submit them on plain paper. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" submitted must be enclosed. If possible entry fees should be paid by English postal-orders. English stamps and notes on the Bank of France will also be accepted. No other notes of any kind will be accepted.

This week's list of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 173 :—

THE KAISER'S DREAM
AVOIDING COMPULSION
SHAMING THE SLACKER
MAKING READY
FIRST SEA TRIP
GOING OFF
MOST IRRITATING WHEN
POOR SHOW
TAKEN BY SURPRISE
PRESSING ENGAGEMENT
QUICK CHANGE
FIGHTING SHY
ONLY A RUMOUR
PRINCIPAL BOY
MADE UP
REVUE DRESSES
LOOKING CHEAP
WHEN FIRST MARRIED
OLD DUCK
FIRST OFFENDER
NOT SO SIMPLE
LADY HELPS
BETWEEN TWO FIRES
SOUNDS SAD
A PRETTY PICTURE
WELL OFF
CHOOSING THE MAID
FATHER'S LATEST
WITH OPEN ARMS
CHEERING TOMMY

### HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE, or FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet

These examples will help you :—

Example :—
A PRETTY PICTURE.
Bullet :—
A [illegible] POSING FOR PHOTOGRAPH.
Example :—
LADY HELPS.
Bullet :—
IN MOST DISCUSSIONS.
Example :—
NOT SO SIMPLE.
Bullet :—
LANDLADY'S CAT.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated February [illegible]th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly" dated January 22nd.

# RESULT OF 170TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

## FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

**Mr. F. COX,**
**10, Warwick Road South,**
**Old Trafford, Manchester.**

Example:—A HAPPY NEW YEAR.
Bullet.—MAY EVERYBODY "SPEND" WISELY.

## SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

**Mr. L. JONES,**
**Battswood Cottage,**
**Ightham, Kent.**

Example:—NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE.
Bullet.—"LISTENS," THEN "PASSES ON."

## TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

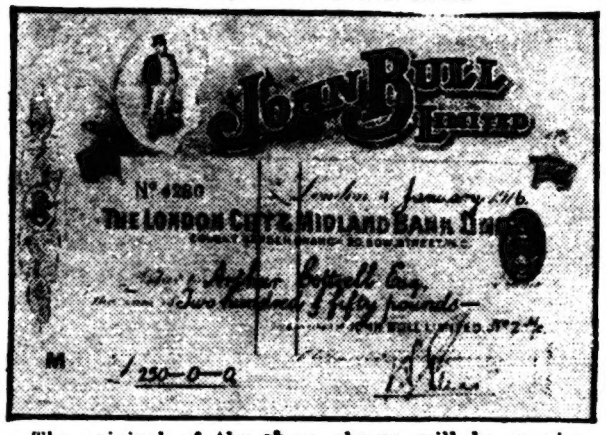
Mr. H. G. LEE, "Ashbourne," Lea Road, Harpenden, Herts:
HARD TO EASE—EVERYBODY REALIZING CABINET'S "DRIFT."
Driver S. BAILLIE (2230), A.S.C. Transport Section H.A.C. (G) Hqrs. Troops B.E.F.:
IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE—TRY ME WITH "ANOTHER."
Mr. W. SMITH, 17, Marlboro' Road, Small Heath, Birmingham:
RICH UNCLE—GLAD ME'S "GETTING ON."
Mr. T. LAYBOURN, 23, Cobden Street, Jarrow-on-Tyne:
A GOOD FEED—DUTCHMEN ARE ENJOYING APPARENTLY.
Mr. SID. E. FOSTER, The Grocery Stores, Newark:
IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE—ONLY SECRET WOMAN KEEPS.
C.Q.M.S. REG. BELL, D.C.M., 1/5 Bedfordshire, Fern Hill Hospital, Bacup, Lancs.:
LOVEHILL HOUSE—RISKY BILLETING SOLDIERS THERE.
Mr. B. G. DEWEY, Inverdruie, Spring Road, Sholing, Southampton:
MAKES FATHER SORRY—CONTINUALLY MADE "EXAMPLE" OF.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. H. MATTHEWS, 46, Pennington Road, Bolton:
MAKE THE KAISER START—EVERY TIME HE "RETIRES."
Mrs. ADA F. BENNETT, "Mansfield," Manor Road, High Barnet:
AFTER NIGHT OUT—FATHER "JUMPS" IN BED.
LIEUT.-COL. C. A FULCHER, R.N., Homœopathic Hospital, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.
NOTHING TO SAY—SHORTENS THE "SENTENCE."

## TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. WILLIAM THOMSON, 116, Rosslyn Avenue, Rutherglen, Scotland:
JERVAULX HOUSE—FLY FOUND SPIDER'S OTHERWISE.
Mr RALPH MILLER, c.o. Hyde, 6, Hyndland Avenue, Glasgow, W.:
HARD TO FIND—"DUST" ON "RAINY DAY."
Mr. ROBERT JAS. LEES, The Hollies, Ilfracombe:
HARD TO FIND—USE FOR AVERAGE PRESENT.
Mr. ARTHUR BARRATT, 96, Edward Road, West Bridgford, Notts.:
MAKES FATHER SORRY—"MEETING" WITHOUT "ADJOURNMENT."
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Nurse TAYLOR, 123, Folkestone Road, Dover:
NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE—"COMES IN" FOR EVERYTHING.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. S. C. ROOSE, c.o. Miss Mitchell, 3, Mildmay St., Plymouth:
RETURNED EMPTY—FROM AUCTION—WISE MAN.
Mr. ALFRED WRAY, 86, Leathwaite Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.:
HARD TO FIND—SALE WITHOUT A "RUSH."
RITA NEWMAN, "Greenfield," Boxmoor, Herts.:
GROWING ARMY—TRADESMEN AFTER REMOVAL RUMOUR.
Mr. W. SMITH, No. 1, The Square, Carshalton, Surrey:
AFTER NIGHT OUT—MANY "SORRY OLD CHAPS."
Mr. HY. HILL, 173, Balmoral Road, Gillingham, Kent:
HARD TO FIND—DOOR-KNOCKER IN BERLIN.

### Selection from 100 Prizewinners of 5s. each:—

ABEL, G. Bosco, 4, Cranley Gardens, Palmer's Green.
AKESTER (Mrs.), Sandiway, Northwich, Cheshire.
AMBLER, W. F., 7a, Yukon Road, Balham.
BEST, L. (Mrs.), 8, Grant's Avenue, Bournemouth.
BIRKHEAD, H., 12, Bridlington Street, Hull.
BRANWHITE, C. B., 41, Elliston Road, Redland, Bristol.
BROOKS, LEOPOLD, c.o. Mrs. Leach, "Crown Inn," Hampton, Evesham.
BROWN, WILLIAM S., 5, Stephen Drive, Linthouse, Glasgow.
BURTON, J. L., 38, Bamford Road, Wolverhampton.
BUSBY, E., 19, Glamorgan Street Canton, Cardiff


JOHN BULL LIMITED
No 4280
London 4 January 1916
THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED
Pay to Arthur Bottrell Esq. or Order
Two Hundred & Fifty Pounds
£250-0-0

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. C. Chandler, Newsagent, Yiewsley, from Thursday, January 20th, and Miss J. Smewing, Colham Bridge, Yiewsley, from Monday, January 24th.

BUTTERWORTH, A., 34, Buckingham Street, Rochdale.
CAMPBELL, JOHN, Mitchell Place, Banff.
CHILWELL, J. H., 4, Tennyson Street, Swindon.
CLARKE, S. (L.-C.), Riby Camp Hospital, near Grimsby.
COPUS, E. (Mrs.), 192, High Street, Merton.
CORY, JOSEPH R., Harpole, Northampton.
DAVEY, D. (Mrs.), 3, High Street, Polegate.
DAVIES, W. F. (Band), 13th Reserve Cavalry, Colchester.
DAVIES, M. A., Fern Croft, Havard Road, Llanelly.
DESBOROUGH (Mrs.), 85, Sneinton Hill, Nottingham.
DEVERSON, F. (Mrs.), 5, Gladstone Road, Margate.
DRUMMOND, D. O., 7, Grange Road, Edinburgh.
DUGMORE, O. (Miss), "Athelstowe," Shalford, Surrey.
EDWARDS, PHILIP E., 45, Lower Denmark Road, Ashford.
FOTHERGILL, G. H., 15, Stow Park Avenue, Newport, Mon.
GALLAGHER, (Mrs.), Church View, Spieldmuir, Wishaw.
GULVAT, OLIVER, 25, Lansdown, Stroud.
GARNER, L., Furlong Avenue, Arnold, Nottingham.
GEDLIE, D. H., 1, West Parade, Grimsby.
GREGAN, STANLEY A., "Fernlea," Woodford Road, Leytonstone.
GLADWIN, C. (Mrs.), 97, Dover Road, Wanstead Park, E.
GOOD, W., R.N.V.R., 18, Templar Street, Dover.
GOODACRE, JESSE, Kirdford, Sussex.
GOOSE, F. H. (Sergt.), 1240, 2/6 Norfolk Cyclists, Bridlington.
HANNON, J. VINCENT, 9, Fairmount Road, Brixton.
HANBY, TOM, 2, Ringrose Street, Holbeck, Leeds.
HAYMAN, A. (Mrs.), 18, Stanhope Gardens, Ilford.
HENRY, K. (Ph C.), Boot's Cash Chemists, Ltd., Mansfield.
HEIGHWAY, FRED J., 45, Chesterfield Grove, E. Dulwich.
HEPBURN, C., 9, Windsor Avenue, Flixton, Manchester.
HILL, LILY, 86, Frithville Gardens, Shepherd's Bush.
HILL, ROGER W., Brook House, Wistaston, Crewe.
HOLMES, J. A. (Mrs.) 52, Albany Road, Sharrow, Sheffield.
HOMER, FREDERICK, Bk. 305, Newtown Row, Birmingham.
HOPKINS, FRANK A., "Lyndhurst," Lion Road, Bexley Heath.
IRISH, E., 248, Burton Road, Lincoln.
JAMES, T., 201, Eaton Crescent, Swansea.
JOHNSON, H., 2nd Lieut., 7/D.L.I. J.O.C., 1st R.I.B. Howitzer Lines, Rugeley Camp, Staffs.

## "BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons can be used, but a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be enclosed and made payable to "John Bull" and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose one postal order for the amount covering the number of their coupons.
4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.
5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

## ☛ YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 27th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(173) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 27th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(173) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 173," "John Bull." Long Acre, London, W.C.

**COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE ABOVE COMPETITION CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."**

*When the daily task is over, and the leisure hour is due,*
*There's nothing beats the golf links and a packet—maybe two—*
*of* CHAIRMAN JUNIORS.

**Chairman Juniors are delightful. They are Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold everywhere at**

**10 for 3d.**

**They are made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, LTD., Manchester.**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